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MY CAMPAIGN REMINISCENCES.

PAPER SEVENTH.

PART ONE.

ALL was as bustling and noisy as at a wake. Equipments were hastily put in order, surplus baggage packed away into wagons, and each motion denoted that something of importance was under consideration. So there was. Our ancient cavalier, 'le General Count Gustave de B——,' had made his advent astride of a splendid charger, bearing more than rumors of wars. He was acting as a volunteer aid-de-camp for the nonce, and he brought orders for a portion of a brigade to pull up stakes and march.

Some of the officers sat down to indite epistles and *billets-doux*, and one, R——, began to concoct a will. There was going to be a battle, to be sure, but what good purpose the latter composition could subserve, was beyond our ken. Those having the least to leave behind them in this world of sin and sorrow, except debts, not unfrequently make the most munificent bequests, and that was an instance of such a ruling propensity. Unencumbered corner-lots and other property, unavailable before, were distributed with a lavish hand; and as each item was called over by the testator in a middle-tone, without any show of concealment, we who were in the secret of the earthly possessions of the devisor could scarcely repress our merriment. The man was not worth a six-pence in the world, except his military wardrobe and manuscript poems; but, from a long-cherished habit of boasting of expectancies, he had actually become, in his own opinion, a person of substance.

A lieutenant folded up several letters, and, with a dolorous physiognomy, handed them to another, saying, 'B——, if I should fall to-morrow, will you do me the favor to take these and forward them to their destination?'

'Well, now! ha! ha! Indeed, that's good. If you should fall! And where, pray, shall I be, if *you* are going to fall? Fall into what? debt, or a ditch, or what?' was the return.

'I have two sisters in New-York, you know; and you surely will not fail to do that much for me. Will you not take them?'

'My dear boy, your croakings are of no use in the world, none whatever. 'Tis the sport to have the engineer hoist with his own petar,' the poet says, you know; and if any thing of that kind should happen, why then, ha! ha!' The bare idea of his comrade getting blown into the clouds like a balloon was extremely diverting to the hilarious sub, and he continued: 'If that should be the case, your survivors will write much better letters than your exquisite sense of modesty will permit you to do; and I pledge you my word that the very latest intelligence shall be given of the glorious termination of your illustrious warfare. How's this? One directed to dear Laura, eh? my faithful Petrarch.'

'Your trifling is very unbecoming, I must say, B ———, and if ———'

'No offence. I'll take your mail-bag, and return it to you after the action, if you wish; but as for falling, as you call it ———' His relapse into a violent attack of risibles disgusted the pensive youth, who walked away.

A soldier was observed running from post to pillar, with deep earnestness depicted on his face. He was only searching for some body who had a spare grain of salt with which he could season his steak, then cooking; but the saline requisite could not be had for love nor money. The multifarious conversations were checked, as two regiments marched off to an enlivening quick-step. Our turn had not yet come. A couple of youngsters were observed talking in a subdued tone, meant to be confidential; but the surprise of one made him to be over-head. 'Clean shirt! Fact is that ———'

'Not quite so loud. The whole world need n't know about the scarcity of unsoiled linen,' said the other waxing wrathful.

Those words recalled to our minds a fact that we would willingly have banished therefrom, namely, that those most necessary articles of comfort, shirts, were very scarce, as the clothing had for the most part been packed up and sent away. There was trouble in our domestic economy. Who would particularly like to be shot in a shirt that from necessity had been worn several days in such a climate? Who does not feel a purring satisfaction when he mounts the pure white linen, innocent of a stain or soil, and find his spirits rise in exact proportion to the nicety of the handiwork of his laundress? If any, let him speak, or ever after hold his peace.

The distant guns boomed among the Alpine hills, and resounded again and again, reminding us that the work in earnest was not much longer to be delayed, beside increasing our mortification at the meagre supply of the essentials for an equable flow of temper. In the name of the Prophet, *shirts!* We would have some washed immediately, that we would. But then, our servants had either decamped to witness the combat, or were egregiously ignorant of the art of doing up linen properly. Dutch Kate would have been at a premium; what an idea! She was with the troops who were opening the ball. Great minds are equal to any emergency. Nearly or quite the whole day was before us, an aid had intimated, and we could do our own washing. Some would

not listen to the proposition until public opinion — manufactured for the occasion by the most needy subalterns — actually shamed them into it, while others were cajoled by the romance of the thing. There was precedent for the act; for an Irish colonel once, under similar circumstances, issued an order making 'every man his own washer-woman.'

Gathering up a few articles each, we followed the anti-prosaic R —, who selected a deep part of the river, on the bank of which the rough white rocks furnished good seats, and wreaths of the living verdure hung in festoons as a pleasant shade, leaving the imagination nothing to desire, but some body to do the work. R — had, long before that period, obtained the soubriquet of Munchausen, from the fact that, when it suited his purpose, his poetic imagination imbued the most common-place objects with a coloring and qualities not their own.

'Is not this druidical?' he exclaimed, as he warmly expatiated upon the beauties of the spot. We all agreed that the place was indeed charming. The allusion to the Druids called up a long train of associated ideas. The mind of our friend seemed to run a great deal upon that ancient sect, who believed in the transmigration of souls, from man, a fallen intelligence, to a monkey, and *vice versa*. He was a modern Druid himself, believing in another world where the soul preserves its identity, passions, and habits; and although he rejected as a fallacy the belief that letters burned at a funeral would be delivered to the departed in another world, (it was not convenient; all his creditors might pursue him thither with duns,) he practically followed others of their peculiar dogmas. Money was often lent by them to be re-paid in Hades, and, as far as that went, his theory was the same; for there was no prospect of his wiping off scores in this world, and his promissory notes may be burned at his grave, when the time comes, just as well as not.

Now, while we are saying smart things at the expense of R —, what was he doing? We had carried our soiled under-garments in our hands, but he had walked along empty-handed. Thinking himself unobserved, he stepped into the foliage and began to take off his coat. First, from his bosom he drew towels; then came a shirt or two, and various other articles, until it was astonishing how so much haberdashery had been compressed into such a small space. A bullet could never have penetrated such a breast-work.

P —, a rosy-cheeked young gentleman, plump as a partridge, finding that all his protestations of incapacity were disregarded, got upon a high projecting rock and, much against his will, went to work; and the others of our number scrubbed and paddled until all arms ached, and the running water was covered with froth and suds. The novelty of the employment, and our appreciation of the dignity of labor, waned rapidly. A plunging souse was heard. Near the foot of the large rock where P — had seated himself the centrifugal circles in the deep water showed that some heavy body had suddenly descended thereinto. Soon the head of P — emerged from the bottom, about nine or ten feet deep in that little bay, and he spluttered so that we all fell to laughing, and did not rescue him until he was nearly drowned. That incident compensated for the labor. We continued the work a few

hours longer, hard at it ; but the worst feature of the enterprise was, that after expending a dollar's worth of soap each, beside wasting half-a-day, the rinsed articles were in a worse condition than when we began. All the 'unwashed of the county' at election-time might have been cleansed with less prodigality of the saponaceous compound. We donned the same unstarched dry-goods, however, and wore them in the battle.

PART TWO.

'THE General requests that your regiment march up and join him in thirty minutes time,' said an aid to the colonel.

The sun was low in the horizon when the order was received, and it was so cheerfully obeyed that, in half the time mentioned, the camp was broken up and the line formed. When we had gone about a mile, the ear could distinguish a noise, like that of hail-stones against window-panes, by which token we were assured that our friends, the mounted rifles, were doing some execution, as they did not usually waste their nitrous combustibles. While going a scarcely-passable route, we encountered Major Sumner, of the dragoons, on horse-back, dizzy from the effect of a wound on his head, which reddened the handkerchief bound round it. Then we encountered an ambulance, laden with as multitudinous an array of articles as a country-peddler's wagon ; yet the assortment of notions was not over-pleasant for a philanthropic mind to contemplate, and an extremely nervous man would be very likely to turn away from the spectacle with a quiver. There were ostentatiously displayed apparatus for expeditiously whipping off limbs, and other surgical appliances in abundance, and medicine-chests full of vials, all ready for instant application. The only deficit seemed to be wooden-legs ; but no one was disturbed on that account, as there was no scarcity of timber in the adjacent forest.

There was not a very extensive business done that day, the seventeenth of April, the number of our adversaries being decreased only by about two hundred. There was some competition between the first artillery, under Lieut.-Colonel Childs ; the rifles, under Major Loring ; and the seventh infantry, under Lieut. Colonel Plympton, all of whom attacked for the sport of the thing, and by way of keeping their hands in. Finding themselves in a hornet's nest, as the enemy raked them from behind their works and abottis, situate about sixty yards from the foot of the hill El Telégrafo, nearly a thousand feet high, they felt the expediency of carrying the works at the point of the bayonet ; but had it not been for the timely aid of mountain-howitzers, which went to the rescue, and, like little scorpions, threw their venom about, it would have gone hard with them, even had they escaped at all from the torrent of metal that poured down on their heads. The premature intelligence that yellow fever was making great inroads upon our army in the *tierra calientes* had infused new life and hope into the intrenched enemy ; but they soon saw that neither vomito nor land splintered by barroncas and defended by artillery could deter men from making bold pushes for fortune

From necessity, we took a route that was rugged and blocked up with rocks and palmetto trees. Late at night we were set to work in assisting to drag a twenty-four-pounder and two heavy howitzers up the hill Atalaya, which loomed up seemingly a mile in height, and which had been taken only a few hours before. Darkness, the broken surface of the ground, and the many jutting obstacles, made the ascent most precarious. The men strained to the utmost at the drag-ropes, and the officers encouraged, and took hold too. The pioneers had to feel their way cautiously, to avoid being precipitated into channel or pit; and even then they were not always able to keep their foot-holds. One of the soldiers refusing to retain his grasp of the rope, the irritable Captain H — drew his revolver. His arm was caught in bare time to save the sacrifice of a man, beside revealing to the other army that which we most wished to conceal. There was imminent danger of the ordnance backing down-hill on the heads of the troops below; and it was only by great effort that the summit was reached.

Our weary bodies sank to the earth, and while we made pillows of whatever came nearest to hand, old Somnus sprinkled drops of Lethe on our mortal eyes, and emptied out his horn of dreams. One, more careful of comfort than the rest, laid down beside a reposing figure in a light-colored dress, and used him as a pillow. When he awoke, at dawn, he was not a little shocked to ascertain that his sleeping-partner had been shot dead the day before; and his horror had well-nigh prevented, and did for some moments delay, his investigating the contents of the Mexican's haversack.

About the time for an early breakfast, the cannon that we had taken up the hill commenced their cock-crow, as a warning to General Vasquez, who had command of the opposite fortifications, to prepare for duty. It was fore-ordained that Cerro-Gordo (big hill, Anglicized) should fall. The place had been consecrated to national independence by the blood of the insurgent martyrs, in the republic's early history; and now our deep-mouthed guns gave a solemn announcement of approaching doom to those in possession.

While the artillery exercise was progressing, we who had no business there, leisurely descended the declivity to rejoice our brigade, the shot of the enemy playing the while about our heads, yet doing no harm to speak of. Not unfrequently a shower of pebbles scattered by the balls hummed through the air, and arm-fulls of evergreen branches crowned our heads; but we chuckled at their poor success in doing mischief, and made a frugal morning meal, with that music performing for our especial benefit. Great trouble was experienced in procuring water, the pass to the spring being raked constantly. A man with a dozen canteens would volunteer the generous office, imperilled as the venture was by the shot that played a tattoo on the tins; but, rather than risk the lives of our comrades, we preferred to take the chances of better fare. Although there was a great scarcity of water all the day, that did not abate a jot of the good-humor of the jesting soldiery.

During the night, a narrow path had been found and enlarged by our engineers, and we forthwith took that route to glory and a masked battery. The atmosphere was so transparent that distant objects seemed

within a few yards; and the attacking parties, who were apparently produced by the wooded slopes and precipitous spurs of the mountains, as they rallied and pressed on to the foe who disputed the ground by inches, were plainly seen in each movement, until the rolling clouds of smoke, like a morning mist, veiled them for a few seconds. The atmospheric effect was fascinating; the actions of the troops as they rushed to slaughter inspiring. A trembling of heart seized the besieged as the gallant blue-jackets closed their shattered columns, and gained point after point. Our line was not slighted, although our turn had not yet come to reply. The reason was obvious. We were advancing in stealth to attack a position, the holders of which could not see us.

My worn-out pen, like an ill weed that grows apace, running to seed, or an old war-horse, that fancies he again hears the cavalry-horn, feels inclined to run into verse, and spin out a ballad of

C E R R O - G O R D O .

We toiled along a track as rough as boisterous ocean's face,
Where fallen pine and deep ravine forbade a charging pace;
And sideways glanced, as swift we went, with eager, stolen gaze,
Past palm and oak, into the smoke whence burst sulphurous blaze.

Our banner bore 'EXCELSIOR!' upon its crimson folds;
So up, up higher, with brains on fire, to lurking wolves' strong-holds
We trailed our way with blithesome hearts as e'er beat at a *fête*;
And soon the rattle of opening battle made bosoms throb elate.

Through lone fastness, the robbers' haunt, our silent *cortège* wound;
Though all the while, in the defile, the cannon ploughed the ground;
And bayonets wore yet their gleam, unstained by mortal gore:
But well we knew, as fast we flew, the foe was on before.

Upon embattled hills outspread, a glittering panorama,
As in the strife tugged hard for life the actors in that drama.
Like bounding bucks, the stormers cleared each breast-work with a vault:
The bugles sang, and high the clang swelled in that wild assault.

How stirred our souls as then we gazed upon the thrilling scene,
When o'er the foes our colors rose, 'the red above the green!'
Bold *Seventh*! how we envied her, as 'gainst the serene sky
Her flag did wave above the brave who scaled the ramparts high!

To run off the track for an instant: it was a little too much for human nature to bear to see the seventh infantry plant her flag on the top of the highest work of El Telégrafo; and, like a pack of beggars who had smelt the smoking blood of the animal killed, we could not contain our joy.

Loud and spontaneous, as the roar that breaks from lightning-cloud,
Uprose a cheer from front and rear, for all our hearts felt proud.
That clarion-peal more startling was than trumpet's battle-blast:
We were unseen, but that I ween struck all our foes agast.

Five guns unmasked swept o'er our path, and hurled a coppery shower;
They howled away, like pards at bay, who feel the huntsman's power;
But SANTA ANNA essayed in vain the turning-tide to arrest:
His plumes were torn, his laurels shorn, to deck the conqueror's crest.

When SHIELDS — chivalric general! — sank, leading his brigade,
One vengeful yell struck like a knell, piercing the barricade;
'Charge, boys!' he cried, as from his breast the ruddy life-stream flowed,
And on we dashed, as hail-storm crashed, our ranks by grape-shot mowed.

Then fled 'NAPOLEON of the South,' maddened by a career
Which made him yield, and turned the field into a gory bier;
And VASQUEZ and his Mexic hosts bathed with their blood the sod,
As o'er the height, in mad delight, exultant victors trod.

And women twain lay bleeding there! But less resemblance far
To Eden's Eve, could we conceive, in their fierce, fiendish air,
Than smutty coal has to *its* kin, the diamond crystallized:
One sparkling bright, one dark as night, spurned, trampled, and despised.

Halt! Pegasus! Let me dismount and strike firm ground again:
it's safer.

Among the notables who had fallen back with the supreme dignitary of the land was General Canalizo of the cavalry. Time was, before the spirit of chivalry was obsolete, the sturdy handler of the pennon and the brand withheld the thrusts of his weapon, and admiringly exclaimed to his stalwart adversary, 'Hold, Sir knight! Tell me who thou art that dealest such blows; for thy battle excites my amazement, and thy prowess is most wonderful.' Taking a more matter-of-fact view of things, as the bright blades of Harney's dragoons flashed in the sun, the lancers did the best they could, under the circumstances, by faithfully following their valorous commander, as he exhibited his heels. It is well for him that his did make good his escape, otherwise the knight might have been degraded, by having his spurs hacked off. Our horsemen had been tilted with before, and their arms found too sinewy and their manners too rough for comfort. As for Sant' Anna, (as his countrymen usually pronounce the name,) the 'Napoleon of the South,' as his courtiers were wont to designate him, he unhitched one of the mules from his splendid travelling-carriage, and mounting, he descended a *cañada*, and fled toward his *hacienda*, El Encerro.

When the masked battery first belched out its greeting, there was a pedestrian contest, in which several regiments participated. It was quite an agreeable entertainment, for the moment, to see in the valley a major of volunteers leading his lads under a plentiful peppering, while to shield himself from the heat, he had coolly spread an extra-sized blue umbrella; nor was it less diverting to witness the gigantic strides of a very tall officer at the van of an advancing regiment, who out-distanced all his comrades, notwithstanding they ran at the top of their speed. He was determined to be in first at the death. My military cap was slung to the sword-belt, its place being supplied for the time by a wide palm-leaf hat, whose umbrageous roofage was ample protection against the scorching rays; and it was quite comforting to me to observe how much more remarkable and out of fashion was the man who held the umbrella over his frosty cranium, than myself.

A grape-shot struck Brigadier-General Shields through the right breast. His face became of a death-like pallor, the dark moustache standing out from it in bold relief; but his eye was bright, and the smile had not left his lips as he gave the order, 'Charge, boys!' and sank back insensible. The artillery-men at the guns were made short work of by our skirmishers, who picked them off; but their places were immediately filled, and even a body of cuirassiers dismounted and cheerfully manned the guns. A murderous exchange of hard-ware was

kept up until our infantry had approached near enough to ply the bayonets.

The two women above-mentioned were wretched-looking beings, probably shot by our men before they could be distinctly seen through the thick tapestry of leaves. Judging from their conversation, they were no irreparable loss to society. One was shot through both thighs, and though she endeavored to stand up, it was a failure, and she fell with her drabbed garments to the earth as often as she attempted it. The other female was also severely wounded, but was more tractable. Our kind assistant-surgeon, Dr. H —, whose hands were too full of work cut out for him, tendered his aid to them; but the copious maledictions of the tigresses repelled all advances. Passing over piles of disfigured humanity — poor fellows, whom we had never seen until aim was taken, which sight made many avert their eyes in grief — the line debouched into the main road. A great number of horses were patiently standing there, with their war-harness on; but poor animals, they were found to be all wounded and unserviceable. In a large baggage-wagon, whose mules all lay dead, were the forms of two Mexican officers and half-a-score of soldiers, who, after being wounded, and while being removed, had come within the range of the cross-firings, and were then stark-dead. Some of our men ran up to the slain and looked into their faces, as they lay around. I could understand their looks; they cherished the hope that life was not yet extinct, and they could recognize the men whom they had picked out at a distance with their deadly tubes; and to compensate for laying low their innocent victims, friend and foe were treated with the same kindness and attention.

Santa Anna's carriage was at once ransacked, and sixteen thousand dollars taken therefrom, in addition to some cooked fowls and other choice viands. The chief attraction, however, was an elegant cork-leg, finished off with a fine dress-boot, which was seized by an Illinois volunteer, and borne off as a trophy. How suggestive was that artificial limb! When Santa's leg was shot off by the French, the grateful nation caused it to be buried with great pomp and splendor in the cemetery of St. Paul in Mexico, and erected a monument over it; and it is recorded that Don Ignacio Sierra y Roza pronounced upon the occasion a grand funeral oration. A historiographer of a later day says further, that when exiled, the honored member of the chieftain was exhumed and tossed about the streets by the *lepéros*. It has become my duty to show how the ill-used gentleman gave leg-bail for his future appearance at another period and place — an appointment that he did not forget nor neglect.

PART THREE.

A WILD-LOOKING individual emerged from the thick chapparal at a jump of his foaming steed, followed shortly afterward by a number of others. He was a singular personage, remarkable among a thousand of the horde of army followers. His flowing hair was of a silvery whiteness, as were also his huge moustache and long billy-goat beard;

his face as red as total-abstinence and an inexorable Southern sun could make it ; and his eyes sparkling with excitement. Although wearing part of the dress of a general officer, he had on a palm-leaf *sombrero*, which extended over his shoulders ; instead of the sabre, which reposed in its sheath, he waved aloft a long lance with green and red pennon ; and to complete his equipments, on his back was hung a brass-bound snare-drum, like the lance, captured property. We could scarcely credit our eyes : it was General Twiggs. The gallant old warrior was in his element. As he came up, the battalions, who were on a smart run, received him with cheers — a compliment that he acknowledged by waving his lance. Nor was that all.

‘Come on, you ragged rascals ! Come on ; run !’ he shouted playfully.

A running fire of exclamatory language, which it would not be edifying to repeat, was maintained on both sides in the same strain ; for in the enthusiasm of the hour, when all were intoxicated with success, general and drummer felt boys alike — always, of course, excepting the staid generals, who never gave way to passion, nor forgot the dignity of rank.

A Mexican grenadier, with all the impudence imaginable, stepped from behind a tree and fired into the midst of the moving infantry. He was laughed at for his pains by our merry men all, as he shook his clenched fist in impotent rage, and hid himself. An obese form, with a bloated figure-head and Bardolphian nose, lay smilingly spread out by the road-side asleep, in close juxtaposition to an empty rum hogshead, which had been stove in. The inference was so unfavorable to the unconscious sleeper, that the lads of the left flank could not forego the pleasure of committing a personal aggression by rolling him into the ditch along-side, where he lay, covered with glory and mud. Among other inviting plunder, I took the liberty of picking up an ancient vellum-covered book of military tactics, in Spanish, which the rightful owner can have by applying to the subscriber. I more than half suspect that it belonged to one of the poor officers who had then entered upon his long sleep, with the aid of a leaden pill ; so I will retain the *ordinanzas* of the army of Nueva España, and the trusty and now rusty rifle then picked up, as mementoes of the fray.

Along rumbled a part of Taylor’s battery, two guns, and clattering after them came General Patterson and a squadron of dragoons ; yet the mounted men could not without exertion advance in front of our light-footed fellows. There is an end to every thing, to our race, and to a reader’s patience. A day’s fast ; nothing but very muddy water to drink, producing a debilitating thirst ; the heat of the *tierra calientes*, no stimulus but enthusiasm ; and a run of eleven miles after an enemy, who would not stop, was no slight feat. Upward of three thousand prisoners of war, including among five generals our old acquaintance, La Vega, was considered doing pretty well. The artillery opened on the fugitives in advance, who were collecting near the *hacienda* of the defeated President-General, and so dispersed them that they dwindled into mere dots in the perspective. We sat down upon the dusty grass, our elastic limbs began to stiffen, and we slept as if our brows were

encircled with poppies, until the chilly dews of night aroused us to stir our aching bones, and then nodded around the dim fires of the bivouac until darkness melted away.

The next morning, we marched, including the youth who had written the epistles.

'Shall I now return your mail-bags to you, or is it a part of the contract to carry them through?'

'B——, you have annoyed me shamefully about that trifle. Half-a-dozen times at least in the action you asked the same nonsensical questions; once when my best coat was ruined by canister-shot; once when you tumbled over, and we thought that the sauciest member of the corps had been knocked into a cocked-hat; twice in the charge, once while ——'

'Attention, battalion! Shoulder arms! By platoon, right wheel — quick march! Column, forward march!'

After six leagues of a tramp, we triumphantly took possession of the charming city of Jalapa. Strange as it may seem to some, the incidents of the late battle left on the mind rather a pleasurable impression than otherwise.

W. H. BROWNE.

D I R G E

FOR THE CHIEF OF THE CREEKS, SLAIN AT COOSA.

CHANTED BY THE PROPHET MONOHOC AT THE LAST COUNCIL-FIRE OF THE CREEKS.

ONE strain for him whose arm in fight was strongest,
 Whose words were wisest by our council-fires;
 ONE strain for him whose war-cry echoed longest
 Amid the woods where ranged of yore his sires!
 ONE strain for him now lone and silent lying
 Beneath the soil his valor could not save,
 TO whom stern destiny, all else denying,
 Gave yet a warrior's death — a hero's grave.

This is no place for idle tears,
 Beside the grave where sleeps for aye
 The hero who in other years
 Was foremost in the bloody fray:
 Weep not for the departed brave,
 Weep rather for the living slave.

But standing by the chieftain's mound,
 Who foes and fate alike defied,
 We blush that on the blood-stained ground
 Like him we had not fought and died;
 Then had we never known the shame
 That brands a conquered nation's name.

It is not victory alone
That makes the glory of the brave ;
The conquered hero oft hath won
Remembrance that survives the grave ;
And fame can give no nobler wreath
Than crowns the patriot's brow in death.

What though our chieftain could not stay
His nation's conquest and its shame,
On Coosa's red and fatal day ;
Not less should be his meed of fame,
Who breasted oft in desperate fight
The white man's overwhelming might.

Outcasts and wanderers, few and lone,
A broken and a ruined race,
We dare not mark with sculptured stone
Our fallen hero's resting-place,
To tell the wanderer he hath trod
Upon a consecrated sod.

'Tis better thus : he would not care
To swell the proud historic page
Of those who sway unquestioned bear
O'er his ancestral heritage ;
'T would but another triumph be
To grace the foeman's victory.

Better his memory should die,
When all his clansmen are no more,
And our last warriors silent lie
Upon the far Pacific shore :
The time is near — day after day
Our feeble remnant wastes away ;

And they who drove us from our land
Are rolling like an endless tide
From the Atlantic's billowy strand
To where Columbia's waters glide ;
And proudly dream their rising state
Shall brave the power of time and fate.

Yes, chieftain, sleep, and be at rest ;
The hour of thy revenge shall come,
When madness in their rulers' breast,
And fierce ambition makes its home ;
When state from state, in anger rent,
Shall desolate a continent.

All empires share the self-same fate :
The oak that on the hill-side towers
Falls not more surely from his state
Than sink at last earth's mightiest powers ;
For every sin and every wrong
HEAVEN'S memory is sure and long.

Then rest in peace, and wait the hour
When on the white man's head shall fall
The vengeance which with fatal power
Our sorrows from the HEAVENS call :
When many a bloody hecatomb
Our foes shall offer on thy tomb.

ZETA.

H A H M E D, T H E D E R V I S E .

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

IN the year 1823, GUSTAVUS RAIMBAUD, after a brilliant examination, had the honor of receiving his degree of Doctor of Medicine, at Paris. He was a gay, sprightly young man, of an adventurous spirit, who had only studied the art of Hippocrates and Galen in obedience to the wishes of his father, who was one of the first physicians of Toulouse; and no sooner was he armed with his diploma, than he left Paris and returned home, to get permission of his father to make a tour in the East. He wished to see Constantinople, and to visit Greece; to offer up a sacrifice to Esculapius, in the places where that god of the healing art was formerly worshipped. His father granted his wishes, and Gustavus being well supplied with letters of recommendation for all our consuls, set out for Marseilles, where he embarked on board of a fast-sailing brig, and arrived without accident in the capital of the commander of the believers of Mohammed, who was reigning at that period. His first visit was to our ambassador at the Sublime Porte, who received him very kindly.

'Be careful,' said his Excellency; 'for there is a report that the plague is in the city.'

'Oh! your Excellency,' replied Gustavus, 'the plague is afraid of us physicians.'

'Do you expect to remain long in Constantinople?' continued the ambassador.

'About six months, with permission of your Excellency, after which I wish to go and see *campos ubi Troja fuit*; I will then visit Argos, Athens, Delos, and the island of Ithaca, where, as Homer says, 'there are no horses, but very beautiful goats.'

After his visit to the ambassador, Gustavus took a stroll through the streets to view the city.

Dressed in the European fashion, his black coat buttoned to the chin, he went forward, his eye on the *qui vive*, in momentary expectation of seeing the symbolical bouquet of some beautiful Sultana fall at his feet. Before he had gone far, a door opened a short distance in front of him, and an old negress, half-concealed by a white veil, came forth. The woman advanced toward the young man, and after an oriental salutation, said to him, 'Hekim?'

Gustavus only knew one word of Turkish, and it was this word, which, being interpreted, means doctor. 'Yes, my good woman,' replied he, 'I am Doctor of Medicine, of Paris, and a pupil of Velpeau and Dupuytren — nothing less.'

The negress did not understand him, for he spoke in the French language; but for her, as well as for the people of Constantinople generally, every Frank is a physician. She made a sign to Gustavus to

follow her ; and the young doctor, remembering all at once the words of the ambassador, said to himself, 'The plague is at Constantinople ; but pshaw ! I am an anti-contagionist ; beside it is my business ; moreover, whatever is to be, will be ;' and following in the foot-steps of the negress, he entered the house which she had just quitted.

It was a palace. The interior court was spacious, and paved with slabs of many-colored marble ; it was likewise surrounded with flower-beds, enamelled with beautiful flowers, and magnificent galleries, supported by delicate colonnades. At each angle of the house arose a rich *kiosk*,* adorned with arabesques and maxims from the Koran, in letters of gold. The negress conducted Gustavus into one of these kiosks, where he found the master of the house stretched upon a divan, with his pipe in his mouth, awaiting the Frank doctor. 'Al Hekim !' said the negress, who retired. The Turk arose.

'You are a Frenchman, Sir ?' said he, with as pure an accent as if he had been born in the Rue St. Dominique, and brought up in the lap of a nurse from Touraine.

'And you also,' boldly said Gustavus.

The Turk replied with evident signs of displeasure : 'I am from Damascus, the holy city,' and pointing to the green turban which covered his wrinkled forehead, 'a descendant of the Prophet.'

'Well, Sir, what do you desire ?' asked Gustavus, without being the least disconcerted.

'If you are equally skillful and bold,' said the Turk, 'you are the man of whom I am in want. My daughter is sick, and she must be cured.'

'I will try,' replied Gustavus, with *nonchalance*, and then added, 'You Turks have singular ideas ; you think a physician can always cure his patient, as if death was not sometimes inevitable, and superior to all human powers. When your wives or daughters are sick, you want them cured, without allowing us to approach them, or even to look at them, and ——' The Turk's lip curled with a disdainful smile.

'Come, said he,' interrupting the young physician ; 'come, follow me.'

He raised a curtain, and introduced Gustavus into a room lighted by enormous windows, in the centre of which, upon a small bed, reclined a young girl, suffering with a raging fever. Her snowy arms were marbled over with purple spots, and the silken tresses of her raven hair surrounded a face of perfect loveliness, but which was bathed in an unhealthy perspiration. The fire of her dark eyes was dimmed by disease, and she had scarcely sufficient strength left to raise her transparent eye-lids. Her beauty was of the Grecian type, in all its purity ; and upon beholding her, you might have imagined the statue of Diana to be animated, but animated to suffer, so visible was the expression of pain upon every feature of this beautiful young girl. Gustavus's acquaintance among women had heretofore been confined to the *grisettes* of Paris, who have their merits, but merits of a different kind. He

* A kind of turret.

was dazzled, charmed; his heart was seized with one of those violent passions which strike like a thunder-bolt, and which are so rare that they are thought to be apocryphal. Forgetful of the plague and regardless of the jealous customs of the country where he was, he advanced toward the young girl and examined her pulse.

'You can speak to her in French,' said the Turk. 'Mariam speaks it with difficulty, but she understands it very well.'

Gustavus availed himself of this information to interrogate his patient; and after a thorough examination, he turned toward the Turk and said, 'You will have all the windows closed, so as to exclude the air; the room must be darkened, for the light is too bright for the eyes; you will then have your daughter covered up well with blankets, and administer to her a potion which I will give you, and I think she will soon recover.'

'I see it all,' said the Turk, with a hypocritical air; 'it is Eblis, the demon of evil, who wishes to take possession of my daughter, and who is struggling with the angel Gabriel.'

'Oh! no!' replied Gustavus; 'it is the measles.'

The Turk led the young physician out of Mariam's chamber, placed in his hand a purse-full of sequins, and resigning him to the care of the old negress, who suddenly presented herself, said to him, 'May Allah bless you, Sir; return to-morrow.'

The negress took Gustavus by the hand and led him rapidly through the marble court and vestibule, and finally put him out of the door, before he had recovered from his surprise. He suddenly found himself in the street, gazing with astonishment upon the low door, studded with iron bolts, and the dark wall; and if it had not been for the purse of gold, which he held in his hand, he would have thought he had been dreaming. When he turned his gaze from the wall, he perceived a man clothed in a white robe, with a shaven beard, who made a sign to him to follow. It was a Dervise, a privileged class in Turkey, who accost the Grand Sultan himself to give him secret advice, with as little ceremony as they do the beggar, to partake of his *pilau*.

'Another patient,' thought Gustavus, and he followed the dervise. After passing through several streets, the dervise stopped in a dark alley.

'Christian,' said he, in the *lingua Franca*, 'is the child sick?'

'Yes,' replied Gustavus.

'Dangerously?'

'No; she will be well in a week.'

'Praise be to Allah! and the *Caïmacan-Miri-Alay*?'

'The Turk?' asked Gustavus.

'Yes,' replied the dervise; 'has he not shown you the child; have you not touched her with your hands, and gazed upon her person?'

'Certainly,' replied Gustavus.

'May the head of the miscreant be cursed!' cried the dervise, grinding his teeth. Then his face became immovable, and his countenance almost serene.

'It is the will of Allah!' added he; 'hold, take this purse and be

discreet. Do not mention the name of the dervise, Hahmed-Abdalah, or thy head will pay the forfeit, and —— and cure the child.’

Gustavus refused the proffered gold ; and whether from a natural disinterestedness, or for the purpose of a little display, he took the purse given to him by the father of Mariam, and scattered its contents upon the pavement.

‘Allah be praised!’ said the dervise ; ‘thou art a man,’ and he departed.

Gustavus remained silent respecting the dervise, but he was desirous of ascertaining something about the father of Mariam. He learned that his name was Abou-Abdalah ; that he was a descendant of the Prophet ; that he was Caëmacan-Miri-Alay, or colonel and aid-de-camp to Mahmoud. Being a man of intelligence, and learning, the Sultan made him a kind of private secretary, whose ready pen composed, or at least copied, all the principal dispatches of the divan. Abou-Abdalah was therefore a superior officer, and a favorite, whose influence was a frequent source of uneasiness to the viziers. He had come from Damascus to Constantinople when his daughter was an infant, and, thanks to the influence of the Governor of Damascus, had advanced himself at court. Gustavus, after becoming possessed of this information, returned to see his patient.

He was much astonished at being always freely admitted into the young girl’s chamber, whether her father was at home or abroad ; and the absence of Abou-Abdalah was frequent ; for the duties of his position constantly called him to the divan, or near the person of Mahmoud. Gustavus availed himself of the liberty allowed him to impart to the beautiful Mariam the sentiments of his heart. His love increased at each visit, and he soon discovered that it was returned. The only witness to their meetings was the old negress, who did not understand French, and who, moreover, had so great an attachment for Mariam that she was incapable of betraying her. Far from being a troublesome Argus, the old woman would shut her eyes when they were together, and this real or feigned sleep favored still more the sweet intimacy of the two lovers.

‘People are greatly deceived in France with regard to the customs of the East,’ thought Gustavus. ‘It is easier to gain admission into the chamber of a young lady in Constantinople than into the boudoir of one of our coquettes ; providing, however, one is a physician.’ But the singular conduct of Abou-Abdalah must have had a motive ; and, even supposing that it was caused by an absence of those prejudices which characterize his countrymen, the mutual love of Gustavus and Mariam could only result in a fatal issue.

‘As soon as the Caëmacan-Miri-Alay discovers me,’ thought Gustavus, he will have me decapitated, and will perhaps sew Mariam up in a bag and cast her into the Bosphorus. Oh ! what a sad fate !’

But an occurrence perhaps equally sad could not fail to happen. Mariam was cured, for the measles is frequently a trifling disease, easily relieved by a skillful physician, and Abou-Abdalah said to Gustavus :

‘You have preserved the life of my child, Sir ; therefore, accept this

diamond ring, which she asks you to wear in remembrance of her, and receive the thanks of her father.'

The door of Mahmoud's favorite closed upon the young physician, no more to be reopened to him. As he was leaving the street with a sad heart, and almost in despair, the Dervise Hahmed suddenly appeared before him. The day was about declining, and in a few moments more the streets would be surrendered to those troops of wandering dogs, which are one of the scourges of Constantinople. May Heaven bless the Christian !' said the dervise : ' thou hast cured the child, and thou hast not breathed the name of Hahmed. Now listen to me : thou lovest Mariam, and she has allowed herself to be taken with the honey of your gilded words, and the softness of your blue eyes. Do not deny it. I know all ; for the angel Gabriel has told me. Thou dost not hope to re-behold her, but thou shalt see her again very soon ; yes, even before the sun, whose last rays gild yonder minaret, which thou mayst behold to the left, shall return to-morrow to re-gild it again. But hark ! I hear a noise.'

Gustavus inclined his head to listen.

' It is a messenger from the Sultan,' continued the dervise, ' with an order to Abou-Abdalah to go to his master, who is in need of his advice, or of his pen.'

A janizary passed before them, stopped a moment before Abou-Abdalah's door, and then continued on his way. Some moments afterward Abou-Abdalah came out of his house wrapped up in a furred cloak. The dervise made a bound, struck the Caëmacan-Miri-Alay with his yatagan, and stretched him dead at his feet ; then, seating himself upon the still quivering body, said to the young man, who stood mute with fear and astonishment, ' Thou thinkest I have killed the father of her whom thou lovest ; undeceive thyself ; I have killed the murderer of Mariam's father. Listen to me. Eighteen years ago, when I was but a child, I lived at Damascus, with my brother, Abou-Abdalah. We were under the protection of the vizier, who governed that province in the name of the Sultan, and we were happy. His highness, God bless him ! sent an order to my brother, Abou-Abdalah, to come to him ; for he had need of his services at court, and in the army. The Sultan had never seen my brother, but he knew him to be a good soldier, and skilled in tracing our Turkish and Arabic characters, as well as in speaking several European languages. He was obliged to obey. Beside, it was a fortune for our family. The vizier of Damascus wished me to remain with him, and my brother departed, with his daughter, Mariam, who was then scarcely a year old, and a negress, to take charge of the infant. The people of Damascus remembered afterward that a Russian, by the name of Alexis Nisicoff, had left the city at the same time. Now this is what took place at Constantinople. Abou-Abdalah had scarcely entered this house before Nisicoff, that northern wolf, clothed in the skin of a fox, entered likewise, and, putting my brother to death, buried his body under the slabs of the marble court which you have seen ; he then assumed his name, took possession of his papers, his daughter, and his fortune ; and, clothing himself in his garments, went and presented himself to the Sultan as the true Abou-Abdalah. He spared

the life of the negress, because she had a brother who was a eunuch, and employed in the seraglio ; but he bribed her to keep the secret, and made her swear on the Koran that she would reveal nothing. He likewise threatened to kill Mariam, whom the negress tenderly loved, if she betrayed him. The Sultan was the dupe of the murderer, and for ten or twelve years he has intrusted him with the secrets of the empire, which the infidel has been in the habit of selling to his sovereign of the north. I grew up in Damascus,' added the dervise, with a fierce look, as he struck the body of his enemy with his yatagan. 'I was ever desirous of rejoining my brother, but the vizier detained me near him, for I was his *Aga*. At length I joined the order of the dervises for the purpose of freeing myself from the vizier and becoming more the master of my own actions. I have been at Constantinople for three months, and Cora, the old negress — Cora, whom my good fortune threw in my way on my arrival, and who, through fear or affection, wished to keep me away from the house — Cora, whom I threatened with my yatagan, revealed to me every thing. Congratulate me, Christian, for I am revenged. The Sultan knows all ; and it is he who sent the janizary, and thus delivered up the victim to my sword. But the affair is not yet terminated. Behold those men who are approaching us : they are the gardeners of Mahmoud ; they are coming to raise the slabs in the court of marble ; and if the body of my brother is not found buried underneath them, as the old negress has stated, if the wily spy of the Russian emperor has removed the body elsewhere, I will forfeit my head. That which is written is written.'

The dervise hereupon arose, and, spurning the body with his foot, entered the house, with a careless air, at the head of Mahmoud's workmen.

'The sixth slab, behind the fountain,' said the negress, Cora, with a shrill voice.

The slabs were raised, and, digging down about a foot, they found the skeleton of Abou-Abdalah. The dervise kissed the precious relics, then, turning toward Gustavus, his eyes bathed in tears, said :

'Christian, Mariam is thine. The Sultan bestows upon her the fortune of the murderer of her father, and she is richer now than all the daughters of the East. The child is a Christian ; for she is the daughter of a Grecian lady, who, in dying, asked my brother to have the infant baptized. Abou-Abdalah promised that it should be done, and he fulfilled his promise, for the children of the Prophet keep their word. Take her, with all her wealth, for the Sultan desires that nothing may remain to remind him of the Russian spy ; even this house will be razed to the ground, and the value thereof paid to you.'

Gustavus did not hear the conclusion of this speech, for he was in the arms of Mariam. The next day the young man went to call upon our ambassador.

'I have come to take leave of your excellency,' said he.

'Oh ! oh ! my young countryman, are you going already ? You were to remain six months at Constantinople. Is it the plague which drives you away ?'

'No, Sir, it is love.'

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'I hope you are not going to elope with a Sultana?'

'No, Sir; but the Commander of the Faithful himself, his highness, Mahmoud, wishes me to marry.'

'You do well to depart, my young friend; for, although you are a Frenchman, which is some guarantee, the town is not safe. Last evening an officer of the Sultan's household was assassinated in the street, and this morning two Russian dragomen were found strangled in their beds.'

'That makes three Russians, Sir.'

'How three Russians?'

Hereupon Gustavus recounted to the ambassador the history we have just narrated.

The Dervise, Hahmed, became the favorite of Mahmoud, and he was of great use to him the following year, at the time of the destruction of the janizaries. Gustavus Raimbaud returned to Toulouse, with Mariam, where they were married.

For many years afterward, in Toulouse, Madame Raimbaud went by the name of the beautiful Greek; and at the present time, although her face has lost somewhat of its beautiful oval, and her raven locks are besprinkled with silvery hairs, she still shows the marks of her former beauty.

S T O R M - N I G H T E C H O E S .

ECHOING sweetly from the past,
 'Tis an angel-voice I hear;
 Bell-like now it wells around me,
 While my soul lies drear:
 Then it dieth on the blast.
 Ah! my soul, such nights as this
 Dreary thoughts round thee are growing,
 Round thee alone.

Echoing sternly from the past,
 'Tis the voice of Fate I hear;
 But that voice to me no longer
 Brings the thought of fear.
 All my hopes, like echoes fast,
 Have died my soul, such nights as this:
 Fighting with the conqueror Fate,
 Fighting alone.

Echoing ever from the past,
 These two voices haunt me here;
 They are gone! but like an echo
 From the distance reappear,
 And fade and die, unite at last:
 Ah! my soul, these echoes both
 Have joined, to die with thee no more,
 No more alone!

C. MYRON.

Hymn to Moloch.

—
 To E. Percy Jones, Esq.,

THE GIFTED AUTHOR OF FIRMILIAN,

AND OTHER SPASMODIC WORKS,

THE FOLLOWING POEM IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

By Meister Karl.

MOLOCH, all roasting,
 Terrible-toasting,
 Red-hot, tremendous,
 Roarer stupendous!
 List to our prayer.
 Scorchers of babyhood!
 Father of fire and blood!
 God of the barbecued,
 Scolloped, fried, broiled, and stewed!
 Look from thy lair!
 Glance from thy flames eternal,
 With glowing eye infernal,
 While we thy rites prepare!

Now 'neath the mighty idol-fires are gleaming,
 While all around the victim-girls are screaming;
 And hotter still the awful flames are flaring,
 And drums loud rattling, Syrian trumpets blaring.
 List to the rip and the roar of the song!
 For thy priests are awake and go screaming along:

*'Moloch Baal Molochim!
 Moloch el Carnaim!
 One god and many gods!
 All god and any gods!
 Greatest of all, by odds,
 MOLOCH, the horned!
 TITAN, blood-reveling,
 Terror-bedeveloping,
 All-to-hell-leveling,
 Scorners and scorned,
 Sober and corned!'*

Now, with the holy poker,
 Forth comes the SACRED STOKER.
 His is the solemn task to stir the coals,
 And pitch the screaming infants in the holes;
 The seven holes within thy brazen side,
 Where they, in anguish dire, are tortured, grilled, and fried.
 Lo! he advances, 'mid clattering lances,
 And rough-ringing rattle, like devils in battle,
 While bucklers are crashing and scimitars flashing,
 And blood-drunken priests at each other go slashing;
 Pounding and banging with censer and axe,
 Hitting each other such *horrible* whacks:
 While the marble floor
 Is gushing with gore.

List to the rout and horrible shout!
Moloch! Bdl Moloch! — our blood runs out!
 And the fire
 Burns higher,
 While through smoke, and o'er scream, and crackling flame,
 A terrible voice is heard to proclaim:
 'The fight is free! — there is naught to pay;
 Go in if ye will, and win if ye may:
 For the honor of MOLOCH,
 The child of the DRAGON!
 The bull-headed MOLOCH,
 The sire of the DRAGON!
 The horrible MOLOCH,
 The brother of DAGON!
 Strike in and win, ye children of sin,
 Though ye come out with never a rag on!'

List to the furious prayer
 Of maddened votaries who scream for gore,
 Or hoarsely pant, 'More blood! great MOLOCH, blood!
More death! HELL-FATHER! — MORE!!
 We thirst, we pant for torture! give us pains,
 And horrid agonies! Oh! crush our veins!
 Melt down all life in one tormenting flood!
 Oh! MOLOCH! all-destroying!
 Of anguish never cloying!
 Grant us ineffable, tremendous pain,
 That we may rise in holier life again!'

O'er the infernal storm
 Rises the demon form
 Of the great brazen idol, roaring hot;
 Dazzling, intensely white,
 The extremest pitch of light;
 In which the innocent babes must go to pot!
 Lo! all is ready! O'er the silver bridge,
 Which spans a thousand cubits high in air,
 Slow march the monstrous priests,
 Like giants along a mountain ridge;
 Great, bloody, stern, and bare.
 Dreadful they seem,
 As devils in a dream;
 And all the raving mob with joy is wild,
 For every clergyman doth hold a child!

They stand o'er the burning god;
 No farther can they go.
 Now hold your breath,
 For you'll witness death!
 There! *there!* by BAALPEGOR! I told you so!
 For the first, with steady aim,
 Looks straight into the idol's scorching womb;
 Then, grasping by the leg an infant boy,
 He whirls him thrice around his head with joy,
 And slings him smack into the burning tomb!

A heart-felt grunt of joy ineffable
 Runs through the multitude; they're faint with bliss;
 And pious rapture thrills in every heart,
 As loud they cry, 'Great BAAL! was ever sight like this?'

But now they 're thrown by scores ;
The air is full of flying innocence !

Again !

Again !!

Again !!!

Until the last priest sings,

As round and round a babe he swings :

'We've burnt up all this lot ! — fetch out the men !'

And loud the chorus rings :

'Great Father ! mighty MOLOCH ! hear our prayer.

Accept the victims which we offer thee !

For we have brought, ready for sacrifice,

Men of tremendous crimes, of tastes depraved,

With every sense unnatural. We have found,

After great search in many a distant clime,

Men who ne'er gazed with joy on spouting blood,

Nor loved to look on torture ; men who shunned

The maddening ecstasies of drunkenness !

Yea, who have led an impious sober life,

And never shared the wild and thrilling rites

OF ASHTAROTH or BENOTH. Take them all ;

Remove their vile and sinful influence,

And purify them in thy cleansing fire ;

So that at last they may return to earth

With holy natural tastes and sound desires,

And a refined love for blood and wine,

And every other consecrated joy !'

Loud roars the infuriate crowd in wild disgust,

As these vile victims feed the sacred flame.

'Yes, burn 'em up. Behold ! the gods are just !

Vengeance is certain, though her feet be lame !'

They fall in the dreadful fire ;

One singe, and they're puffed away,

As gauze-winged flies expire.

When into furnaces they find their way.

And as each soul whirls off, whirls off in blinding smoke,

There rises from great MOLOCH'S brazen head,

Which glares above the clouds in smouldering red,

A wild, infernal, grating, beastly bray ;

A cry to night-mare Nature in her sleep :

A horrid sound — ten thousand octaves deep ;

A growl which makes the mighty temple nod ;

The awful joy-cry of a drunken god !

The fire hath ceased. We wait

Before the golden gate,

Reading the prayer of death from earthen scroll,

In arrow-headed words which pierce the soul.

List to the rising hum !

The PRIESTESSES have come !

Through curling smoke we see their black eyes swim,

While blood is plashing o'er each ivory limb.

Beauty on beauty crowds in quivering throng,

While from their lips bursts forth the eternal song :

'BAAL, MOLOCH, ASHTAROTH !

Father and mother both !

Serpent-child and serpent-sire !

Spirit of the endless fire !

Soul of the mighty sun !

Male-female — two and one !

Star of the morning!
 All-heaven-adorning!
 Queen of the realm of night!
 Lord of the land of night!
 High in thy moon-ark thou sailest above
 ASTARTE-MYLITTA in beauty and love;
 Deep in the earth is thy hell-flaming bed,
 BAAL-MOLOCH! — parent of darkness and dread!
 NUS-AROC, NISROCH — the living and dead!
 Here the priests give a yell
 At the mention of hell,
 And the voice of the maidens in wavering swell,
 Rings out like the chime of a musical bell;
 But it dies away in a thrill of love,
 Like the last faint coo of ASTARTE'S dove;
 For it seems by the scent,
 Which just up-went,
 Or went up from the altars in blue clouds whirling,
 Above and below in the light draught curling;
 All heads and all hearts and all senses turning,
 That something *excessively* nice is burning:
 As if the soft perfume
 Of every flower in bloom,
 From Nineveh to Babylon,
 Were centered in the room.
 While faint and soft at first, from note to note,
 Delicious music winds its wanton way:
 Melting voluptuous, it seems to float
 Upon the perfumed clouds, and
 Shun the
 Light of
 Day:
 While o'er the doors which light the marble hall,
 Transparent crimson curtains softly fall;
 How wondrously lovely the priestesses seem!
 How their long eyes glance,
 As they float in the dance,
 And their voices roll to the core of the soul,
 As their white forms swim in a wine-colored gleam.
 'We are chosen for beauty;
 Love is our duty;
 Death is revival, and life is a dream.
 Come, oh! come! for we wait too long:
 ASTARTE hath sent us with eyes and with song,
 To float in her endless stream!
 In the living river,
 Whose waters quiver
 Around the serpent for ever and ever!
 ASTARTE-MOLOCH-BAAL! great mother-sire!
 Thou too hast passed through darkness and the flood;
 Male in the female ark, strength and desire!
 Even thou wert conquered by the Typhon brood;
 The giant hell of evil, pain and blood;
 The death-night of the waters! but within
 Thy scattered limbs still glowed eternal life.
 And long they tossed upon the waves of sin,
 Till placed together in thine ark and wife,
 Thine other self, within whose closed horns
 Thou swam'st for forty days, and in that time
 Gav'st birth to the Triad, who in double forms
 Made with their mother-sire the *Ogdoad* sublime,
 The great cabiri of earth's dawning prime.'

Such was the awful song of life and death!

How THAMMUZ-ORPHEUS-ADON passed away,
And came again to freshened love and breath;

And how revival followeth dark decay.
But to tell the truth and the facts to admit,

This perversification
Of revelation

Didn't prove, on the whole, to be much of a hit;
For except by the priests and some others exempt,
It was treated with very oblivious contempt:

For the multitude all,
The great and the small,

Were yelling in one rip-roarious throng,
And going it *very*, excessively strong.
'Tis true that the priestesses stopped the slaughter,

But 't was done in a way,
I'm compelled to say,

Like soothing a burn with scalding water;
For they served spiced wine out, hot from the vat,
In Iona goblets, and plenty at that;
And with burning words and glances tender,

Exciting to drink,
With many a wink,
As you well may think,

Soon steamed them all up to a high-pressure bender;
For the curtains fell, and a horrible yell,

And a dreadful rout,
As the lights went out,

Went up from the mass in a roof-splitting swell.

Typhon hath got us! — 'tis dark! 'tis dark!

The flood rages round! — we're at sea in the ark!

SUCCOTH-AL-BENOTH! — I'm fixed at last!

BAAL-BERITH-ASMA! — we're perishing fast!

The waves — the waters rise over our head!

MOL — BA — BEL — MOLOCH! — we're dying! — we're dead!

Throw wide the ocean-gate,
Where DAGON sits in state!

Cast off the curtains: let the young day in!

The first red flush of morn,
The cool breeze newly born!

Lo! in the East dim sinks the queenly star!

Lo! o'er the horizon pales the crescent moon!

To all, as once to BAAL, be new life given;

Enjoy your life, for death must follow soon!

But first let each one take,
Ere ye these walls forsake,
The mystic honey-cake:

The type of birth — the all-reviving food;

For honey is the life of flowers;
The soul of Nature's loveliest powers,

MEL-DEA, MELITA, MELICARTA!

Mel! — holy syllable and beauty's blood!

MEL, MEL! — reviving MEL!

Sweetest of tastes! — born of the sweetest smell!

Farewell! — the dying swell

Peals like a distant bell!

MEL-DEA, MELA-MEL!

Farewell! 'tis well!

Go forth! In peace!

FAREWELL!

Philadelphia.

B O A R D I N G - S C H O O L .

T H E S C H O L A R .

You look all along the desks, glance at the group around the grate, and find not one familiar face. The teacher, at the high table, has a stiff, cross air; you begin to dislike her this moment, and you ask the girl next you what is her name. 'No talking!' rings in your ears, and you bend your head down to hide your blushes. The girl next you jogs your elbow, and scribbles on her slate, 'Miss Maitland.' You begin to feel very uncomfortable. Those argus eyes are fixed upon you, trying to look through your very soul, to find of what it is made.

What a relief to hear the bell tick! 'Study is over!' cry the girls; and for a few minutes, questions and answers roar in your ears, and you wonder how each one can distinguish which is meant for her. The noise seems more terrible in comparison with the previous intense stillness. Now the confusion calms a little. A knot of girls gather around and commence catechising you.

'Will you tell me your name?' asks a pretty girl, taking your hand in one of hers, and with the other twining your long curls.

'Fanny ——' you answer, bashfully.

'Oh! what a love of a name!' cries your pretty friend. 'And do you love fun? You look as though you might.'

You brighten up instantly. 'Indeed I do! But do you ever have fun *here*?' and you glance around the walls in grim disdain.

'Wait and see!' says a merry-eyed girl, with a knowing toss of her head. You look up at her and ask, abruptly, 'What is *your* name?'

'Kate, but the girls call me Maurice, because there are so many Kates. Maurice is my last name.'

'I know I shall like you,' you say, with a smile, and in five minutes Kate and you are the best friends in the world.

Now a bell rings again. The girls exclaim, 'Oh! dear!' and you are informed that it is the signal to go up stairs. The lady abbess enters, bows with pleasant dignity to the girls around, and leads you off to your room.

Here you are, in the third story; five or six girls are in the room, but not one of them have you seen down-stairs. They eye you suspiciously, and talk in low tones to each other, glancing ever and anon at the teacher, who sits by the little table writing. By-and-by you venture to ask if this teacher rooms with you too. 'Yes, indeed!' is the quick reply; and some one warns you to hurry, or the light will be out before you are half ready.

The last bell rings: out goes the light. You hear a scrambling, and find yourself in total darkness. The teacher gropes her way out of the room, and goes to pay a visit to some of her *consoeurs*. You wonder what has become of Kate, wish that pretty girl, who was so sociable, roomed with you, and you go to sleep, to dream of to-morrow. Home-

sickness has not come near you yet ; the novelty about you quite charms it away.

Just as you fall into a doze, the door opens and the teacher reënters. You are wide awake again. She sits down by the table and turns over a pile of the girls' copy-books. She glances around, catches your timid eye, but her looks fall darker ; she utters not a word. 'What a disagreeable thing she is !' you murmur, as you turn toward the wall and try to sleep.

A month passes ; you are one of the choice spirits of the school. You study faithfully, win the head of your class, are quite in the good graces of Madame Southard herself ; but the under-teachers think you the most vexatious of girls. They laugh sometimes at your queer ways, and original notions of right and wrong, but it only serves to draw the rules the tighter, and you fairly groan beneath the legal restrictions. You try, in some corner of the school-discipline, to creep away from the rules, but a severer code confronts you ; you are doomed. Little by little you learn to transgress, till at last you mind only those which you have set down in your own category as right and lawful.

'What are you doing, Miss ?' You look up with a shudder, and meet those argus eyes.

'Only reading, Miss Maitland.'

'Only reading ! reading what ?'

'The Vale of Cedars.'

'Pretty work for a young lady at school !' Up goes the desk. 'And what is here ? What would Madame Southard say ?'

'I don't believe she would say any thing at all.' She is not half as strict as you are, Miss Maitland.'

Miss Maitland only smiles confidently, and begins to enumerate the contents of your desk : 'Home Influence,' 'A Mother's Recompense.' Why, I think Miss Aguilar must be a favorite author.'

'Then you have read them, dear Miss Maitland ! Are they not charming ? Oh ! I so love Grace ——'

'Silence !' screeches Miss Maitland, her brow wrinkled with frowns. You check your enthusiasm without a second invitation.

'David Copperfield !' Really, what will come next ? And here are the poets, too ; Byron, Moore, and Milton. Quite a circulating library !'

'Don't you like Lalla Rookh ?' you venture.

Miss Maitland stares at you with surprise, piles up your treasures on her arm, and marches off in triumph.

The next night, while passing through her room, just before the 'last bell,' you spy her laughing over your darling 'David Copperfield,' and hear her echo to Miss Mince, the duenna of your apartment, 'Barkis is willin' !' How her quiet 'ha ! ha !' grates on your ears !

Kate invites you to come to her room to-night. 'What is going on ?' you ask ; but she only shakes her head and puts her finger on her lips, as Miss Maitland's shadow darkens the door-way.

'Are we all here ?' asks Kate, an hour afterward, as five or six girls dispose themselves about the room, some on the beds, some on the ooxes, the chairs being monopolized by sundry 'goodies.'

'How did you get off, Lucy?' (it is evening study-hours down-stairs,) asks Kate,

'Oh! I have a bad head-ache; indeed, I must deny myself a slice of the turkey, I fear;' and then a titter goes all around, while some whisper, 'Hush!'

'And you, Maggie?'

'I'm excused from study-hours, thank you. Uncle says I must not study in the evening.'

'Well, Fanny, what was your excuse?' ask the girls.

'Oh! I excused myself; that is, took French leave.' The girls laugh, and ask which one will venture to obtain some salt. You hesitate. Visions of the cross-looking cook and Miss Maitland come across your mental view; nevertheless, you proffer your services, and down-stairs you go. You hide behind the music-rack while Miss Mince passes, and vanish down the third stair-case just as Miss Maitland opens the school-room door. You meet Madame Southard, step respectfully on one side, allowing her to pass on with a friendly smile. The dining-room is reached. The waiter is clearing the tables.

'Mary, will you give me a little salt?'

'Salt, Miss? What do you want of salt?'

'Salt is good for several purposes, you know. It seasons the animal viands to suit the gastronomic taste of the gourmand; it serves to cheat the imaginative senses of the girl who thinks it the refined essence of the extract of a Southern sugar-cane; it ——' but Mary has already vanished into the closet, half-frightened out of her senses, and produces the salt, with 'What will cook say? But you young ladies use such big words there's no understanding them.'

The turkey is delicious. What matters it that knives and forks are missing? Some one quotes the old axiom, 'Fingers were made before forks.' A sheet of clean paper makes an excellent plate. The lemonade is luscious, the raisins and figs delightful! Well, the supper goes off finely, and you do not much mind the head-aches in the morning; not much.

You become great friends with a young lady from the South. She likes your dashing spirit, and you are charmed with her independent ways. She is a splendid girl, and when you walk with her in the school-procession you feel quite proud of your partner. When Mr. ——, who met you yesterday, asks who she is, you fly off in extensive eulogies on her disposition and accomplishments; and when you meet Julie in the hall again, you tell her you have a compliment for her, and she says, 'I've one for you, too.' Then comes, 'What is it?' and 'Do tell me!' till you say, 'Mr. —— thinks you are an angel,' and she says, 'Miss Maitland calls you a perfect witch.' How she laughs! 'Thank you for your information,' you say coldly, and with a slight bow pass on.

Julia has some one's daguerreotype. She will not let you see it for a long while; but at last she tells you his name is Harry, and you say, 'It is a sweet name!' Then she opens the case. How handsome he is! a real Spanish-looking fellow, with goatee and moustache. You sigh, and wonder if such a man will ever love you, and think Julia is an astonishing girl. 'Now, Fanny, you will never tell!' she says ear-

nestly. You promise, and she opens a handsome locket, which she always wears, showing you the face of a fine-looking man of about thirty.

‘Why, Julia, this is your brother; why must not I tell?’

‘Brother, indeed! I have not a brother in the world. That is what I tell the girls, because they are so impertinent; but this is James. He is a lawyer down town, whom I have met at my guardian’s.’

‘And do you really love him, Julia?’

‘Love him? What an innocent little thing you are!’ and she snaps her fingers and dances round the room.

Julia is quite confidential to-day. She opens a box filled with *billets-doux*, and tells you these are all from her lovers. One is signed Harry, half-a-dozen James, two or three are anonymous, several take fictitious names, such as Marmion, Harold, Fitz-James, and the like, and then there is a miscellaneous bundle from all parts of the country. One praises her beauty, another her mind; one her accomplishments, another her *sweet simplicity*; James calls her his *artless* angel, and Harry addresses her as *his* guileless love. Then Julia begins to enumerate who and what they are. Harry is a young collegian, Sanford a physician, this one she met at the Springs, and that one — she — don’t know who he is; she never could find out his last name!

Well, you leave Julia’s room to-day wonderfully enlightened, don’t you? You call to mind all the stories of woman’s love, devoted, self-sacrificing, true; and for the first time in your life begin to suspect this only exists in novels. You think you will flirt too. You wave your handkerchief to young Morton when he passes the window, drop *billets-doux* in the pew at church, write on the margin of the prayer-books, etc. This goes on for three or four weeks; you return home for the Christmas vacation, become lonesome, get hold of ‘*Cælebs in Search of a Wife*,’ and come back to school with your manners quite mended. You shun Julia’s company somewhat, and when she whispers and beckons, ‘Here comes Morton!’ you say bravely, ‘I don’t care!’ and pin down again to your rhetoric.

How you do dislike that Miss Wendall. She walks about the school as though she might soil her shoes on the boards, turns up her wide mouth at every thing and every body, and seems to feel too good to be here. You ejaculate mentally, ‘It is a pity she is here!’ No, she does not scorn every one. She takes a great fancy to one girl, and here you see demonstrated the proposition, ‘*Extremes meet*.’ Lizzie is as sweet and conciliatory as Miss Wendall is proud and exacting, a sort of medium between her and the girls. What if Miss Wendall is a millionaire; there are girls here of prouder families and nobler hearts, though she does not condescend to regard them. How much they lose! You set her down at once as a person of too exalted ideas for your little republican head, and when you see the girls bowing and conceding to this young tyrant, who does not even thank them for their favors, you begin to think you have been betrayed into an aristocracy.

‘Politics, slavery, and religion’ are forbidden subjects of discussion, but you lance away at the aristocrats; draw them into many a debate; riddle their wits and dissolve their arguments, with a zeal worthy of a

better cause. By dint of a little mother-wit and a good knowledge of newspaper politics, which you have stored while reading the Congressional speeches for your father, you come off victor, and rally quite a party of anti-aristocrats. Your best friend, the girl you love most in the whole school, who shares with you her oranges and apples, for whom you love to elucidate a difficult sentence in grammar, you find is opposed to all your democratic notions. She is not content that her noble sire's brow is wreathed with laurels won on well-fought battle-fields; she sneers when you read a paragraph from the *Tribune*, (which came from home yesterday in the capacity of outside-wrapper of a fruit-cake,) proclaiming his bright prospects for the next presidency, and sighs, 'If father was only an earl, or a count, and I *Lady* Blanche, instead of plain Miss ——!' Bah! how often do you break lances with her in the half-hour after study!

Your indifference to Miss Wendall only excites that lady's interest. You are sitting in the parlor on some Wednesday evening, when the girls all play company. Lizzie sits between you and the sun and centre of the aristocracy. Lizzie becomes the circulating medium between Miss Wendall and yourself. You are reading, as is allowed on like occasions, but hear involuntarily what passes between your neighbors. Miss Wendall whispers to Lizzie

'Ask Miss —— if she lives at ——. There is a gentleman there of her name.'

Lizzie looks at the ceiling, taps her foot on the carpet, turns suddenly: 'Fanny, do you live at ——?'

'Yes, I live at ——,' you answer, glancing up from your book unconcernedly.

Lizzie whispers to Miss Wendall, 'Yes.'

'Ask if she visits much in M ——,' breathes Miss Wendall stealthily. This time Lizzie asks first, 'What are you reading?'

You tell her, 'An annual.'

'What story?' still questions Lizzie.

You cannot restrain a smile as you glance at the title, 'Let every one mind his own business.'

'Very good advice,' simpers Lizzie. 'Do you visit much in M ——?'

Now you smile a very wicked smile. 'Sometimes: it is according to the weather.'

Miss Wendall laughs. 'Is n't she queer?' Lizzie nods assent.

Miss Wendall's curiosity is appeased for full five minutes; then she whispers again, 'Ask her if she knows Mary S ——?'

Lizzie is a little confused, but she cannot neglect the request of her friend and patron.

'Do you know Mary S ——?'

This time you lay down your book, and with a very original smile say drolly, 'Please tell Miss Wendall that I do not know Miss S ——'

Miss Wendall's eyes fall beneath your quiet gaze. You take up your book again, and read without farther interruption.

To-night you are very home-sick; you are obliged to confess; the tears come and come, in spite of all that you can do. You are thinking of your kind, loving mother, of your father, with no one to read the

speeches for him, because *you* are away ; of your little dark-eyed sister and baby-brother. Nor is this the first time you have been home-sick. Among the crowd there is not one can enter into your feelings or enjoy your pleasures. The 'fun' is no real fun, always bringing you into trouble, resulting ever in lectures and new rules. But to-night you are perfectly wretched. You have been expecting important letters from home, and they have not come. The girls ask, 'What is the matter, Fanny?' but the sobs choke your utterance ; you cannot tell. At last you say, 'I've been expecting letters these three days from home, to tell me if I could go to-morrow, and ——'

'Why, there was a basket came for you to-day !' cries one.

'A basket ? I have not seen nor heard of it !'

'I heard Mrs. Southard tell the servant to bring it to your room.'

'Miss Mince pushes back her chair from the table, and drags your basket from a corner. 'Here it is, Miss.'

'O Miss Mince ! why did you not tell me of it before ?' The 'last bell' chimes in with your last word.

'Not another word !' cries Miss Mince. 'That is the last bell.'

'But I must see what is in the basket,' you urge.

'You will have fifty bad marks if you are not quiet instantly.'

'But can't I read the letters ? Indeed, I must read the letters ; I would rather have the marks than not know what they say.'

'I shall blow out the light, and I forbid your looking in the basket to-night.'

It is dark ; it is cold ; you smother your sobs in the pillow, and dream of a sea-monster with a face like — Miss Mince's.

At home you were called a genius. Your piano performances were a village wonder, yourself considered quite an amateur. Ah ! well ! it is very pleasant to write home that you are taking lessons now of the celebrated Madame Z ——. You tell your old friends how many admired musicians she has educated, and wish that Maud might enjoy this privilege with yourself. But this is written after one lesson's experience only ; the second brings quite a change. The half-hour is just thirty minutes too long for your comfort, and you leave Madame Z —— 's room in a passion of tears. Where to fly to hide your grief you know not. The rooms and halls are full of girls ; so you rush to the baggage-room, sit down on your trunk, and with the tears streaming from your eyes, turn over a thousand ugly thoughts of Madame Z ——. How her little eyes twinkled when you began to cry ! You will not please her so far at least again ; you will be very stoical.

The next lesson comes. Madam Z —— is very provoking. She puts her hand over the notes, pretending to point for you, and then scolds because you do not read what is under it. Perhaps she expects another rare treat to-day ; but she is disappointed.

'Well, why do you not go on ?' questions the teacher.

With a dash of courage you reply, 'Your hand is not transparent, Madame Z ——.'

A flush passes over her face. 'It is not, eh ?'

The tears are coming, but you stare at the notes, and will not let them fall. You do not finger right. She jerks about your hands, as

though they were of iron, almost breaking your fingers. You do not keep your arms still ; she pinches them till they are numb.

‘You may go!’ You look at her a moment, gather up your music, and leave the room, trembling with anger and vexation. You think you will never take another music-lesson ; you cannot do right ; there is no use in trying. You finger badly, sit crooked, blunder over the notes, and were it to save your life, you could not do differently while Madame Z —— was looking on. But better thoughts come. Your parents are expecting much from you this last year of school, so you go up to Madame Z —— again. It is useless to recount all your struggles, your vain attempts to please ; how paralyzing the frowns of your teacher. Not a word of encouragement greets you ; not a syllable of praise urges you to greater efforts.

It is late at night ; you have been asleep once, but now you are awakened by some one sobbing, and you glance around the room. The light is still burning on the little table. There lie the copy-books, but Miss Mince is leaning against the bed, and it is she that is crying. In a moment you forget all your unkind thoughts ; you begin to think, perhaps, she deemed it her duty to act thus and thus ; you pity her, because she is sorrowful. Almost in tears yourself, you say, gently, ‘Are you ill, Miss Mince ? Can I do any thing for you ?’

The teacher starts. ‘No, thank you. You should be asleep.’

All the warmth of your heart is thrown back upon yourself ; its full gush of sympathy is frozen. The quick rebound of feeling staggers you. You weep from disappointment, and think that Miss Mince, after all, is not much better than Madame Z —— or Miss Maitland ; they all have hearts of stone.

Vacation ! The books are tumbled into the trunks, the old hats, band-boxes, and dresses given to the servants ; the carriage is at the door to take you *home*. Every thing has gone on charmingly for the last three weeks ; Madame Z —— has smiled and flattered you, doing you quite as much harm as before, but in a more agreeable way, it is true, and you part ‘fair foes,’ with a smile on either side. After all, you wonder how so much music has got into your head by such means. Miss Maitland and Miss Mince are quite conversable in virtue of a farewell present, the girls are lavish in protestations of continued friendship, half the school are going to write to you. You have acquitted yourself well ; visions of home — *home* ! — are before you every minute.

And here you are at last, for the present the most important member of the household. Will you ever sigh for these days again ? Will you ever ask yourself how you could have been so wayward and petulant ? Will your ideas of justice change ? Will you never be so unhappy again ?

THE TEACHER.

You are sitting by the table, your head leaning on your hand, gazing into the grate. A tear in your eye ? Why is this ? The day’s work is done, the books are all laid aside, you have set down to think. Ah ! well do you remember when all this precious knowledge was garnered,

you little knew for what! You thought to brighten the smiles of your loving parents by your success at school, to charm your brother to the home-hearth by your songs and music, to direct the taste of the little ones by your own accomplishments, But no, it is far different. The home-circle is broken; green graves dot the family burial-lot; you are alone! When cares oppress, dangers assail, and difficulties confront you, you think a moment of flying *home*, but then comes the wretched consciousness of your bereavement — the home is deserted.

Glorious thoughts crowd your brain; you think of proud things; noble projects start before you. You imagine yourself a favored child of genius; triumph follows triumph; you are *so* happy! Yes, you deem that this might be; that you have powers within you to wake the slumbering melody of many a heart; but the school duties claim all your attention; you must struggle on.

It is late. The clock strikes twelve. You are dreaming still. Another form bends over the grate; it is that same Miss Maitland; cold, rigid, severe. How often you have wished to unburden your heart to her. What a relief to utter these trembling longings to some sympathetic soul! But she repels every advance. She cannot feel with you. Born in poverty, her education came as a God-send; she only wonders how any one can be so ungrateful as you. 'What would the girl do without her education?' she sometimes says, 'and here she seems to regret she has the opportunity for turning it to advantage, instead of being thankful for its benefits.'

Ah! she is old, and you are young, very young to be a teacher. She does not realize that you were reared in luxury, a thing unfit for hardships; a treasured, petted child. She does not know how you hate this drudgery; how irksome it is to repeat all day the tiresome A, B, C, or to instill into dull brains some notions of the planets, or yet to teach stiff fingers to play gracefully.

It is only when the true dignity of a teacher strikes you; when you think of her usefulness, her responsibility; when you see her leading and training noble minds which do credit to her teachings, it is only then that you feel your station a pleasant one, and your eyes flash with delight. You watch the girls that leave the school, see them becoming senseless flirts, vain, trifling things, marrying some fop as silly as themselves, wasting their talents, wealth, even sacrificing the kindly affections of their hearts in their chase of fashion, and you do not envy them, at least.

'Come, child, the fire is getting low,' says Miss Maitland, crossly. You start; the tears spring into your eyes; but you are young, and sleep soundly.

It is very early when you rise, but still you must hasten through with your morning devotions; for there are the children to dress, the bells to ring, the desks to put in order, and all this must be done before an early breakfast. How you would like two cups of coffee! but you also are restricted to rules, and you slyly pour half of your warm beverage into the cup of the little girl next you, who has spilled her coffee over the table. This little act makes the child love you. You go up-stairs feeling quite happy, though you are pale, and cold, and hungry.

How you would love to take a good romp with the girls ! But no ; you must put on a stern look, and censure them for little things that mean no harm. You dare not even smile at their jokes — Miss Maitland's eye is on you — though your young heart bounds with sympathetic joy, and you wish — oh ! how fervently ! — that you were a merry child again.

Class follows class. The girls think you are stupid to-day. They become obstinate, tormenting. Your pale brow wrinkles into frowns, your lips tremble with a reproof ; but the girls only become more vexatious. They little know how sick your heart is ; how faint you are with this tedious labor ; how you long, even more than they, aye, a thousand times more, to go out into the fields, breathe the fresh, glad air, and gaze unforbidden on the glorious sky.

That girl is a strange compound of good and bad. How narrowly she watches you ! how she does delight to catch an opportunity to vex you ! Yet sometimes you see her gaze at you with something like sympathy, and a tear starts into your eye ; but she thinks it a tear of anger, and curls her pretty lip, oh ! so scornfully.

It is three o'clock ere you have a minute to yourself ; then you hurry to your room, fling yourself on the bed, and pour out your very soul in sobs and tears. Can you endure this ? How can you submit to such slavery any longer ? And now what a bitter laugh of mockery bursts from your lips as you think of your lonely condition — an *orphan*, sad and penniless, with your old grand-father depending on your hard earnings for his support. If you leave, you deprive him at once of the meagre shadow of his former luxuries which you have been thus far able to procure. You pace the floor, striving to form bold resolutions. The door opens, and Madame Southard enters.

'Are you sick to-day, Miss —— ?'

'No, thank you, Madam.'

'Why were you not at dinner ?' You are silent. 'So you mean to lose your dinner to-day. I suppose you are aware that the study-bell has rung, and the young ladies are waiting for you in the school-room ?'

You start, make a hurried apology, and, with scarce time to bathe your swollen eyes, hasten to the school-room. Here all is disorder. Full ten minutes are employed in restoring quiet. Then come problems for you to solve, towns to hunt up on the map, difficult sentences in French, Spanish, and Latin to translate, beside a host of pencils to sharpen, and sixty uneasy girls to keep in order.

The two hours are over. Oh ! if you could only lie down awhile and rest ! But no, there is the evening walk ; you must attend the young ladies and see that they behave with perfect propriety. Back again ; you reach your room out of breath.

'Did you enjoy your walk ?' sneers Miss Maitland. You can hardly answer. Sobs of anger choke your utterance. Ah ! Fanny ! Fanny ! are you growing wicked ? You blush in shame of your passion, and try to answer calmly : 'About as usual, Miss Maitland.'

The tea-bell rings. You fairly run to the table, after your day of fasting. How luscious is your little cup of tea and slice of bread !

Will you have an hour to yourself now? Oh! no; that would be preposterous. You must put the younger girls to bed, over-look their wardrobes, and repair to the school-room for another hour.

It is half-past ten. You have finished every task, prepared every thing for the morrow, and, with a sense of relief, you sit down by the pine table to write, you do n't know what. But your head turns, your paper swims before your eyes, you cannot sit up any longer. You hastily re-read what you have written, smile at the wild vagaries and extravagant expressions, tear the sheet in pieces and throw it into the grate; whereupon Miss Maitland gives you a lecture on economy, and calls you the most wasteful young lady she ever met with, for one in your circumstances. But you will not cry now; you are determined not to spoil entirely your bright blue eyes. A dozen wicked little spirits dance a jig in your heart; you retort again and again, till Miss Maitland is in a fury. She bustles from the room, and you kneel down to say your evening prayer. How wretched you are! You cannot pray. You, a wicked, willful girl, whose unforgiving heart is at enmity with every thing, how can you say, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us?' Ah! the words choke in your throat. You spring from your knees, pull off your shoes and stockings, laying out strength enough to jerk every limb out of joint, smother your head in the bed-clothes, and sink into a restless sleep. How wicked you feel in the morning; and yet I cannot help but pity you, poor child!

Mrs. Southard dies, and Miss Maitland assumes the head of affairs. Will she send you off? Your poor grand-father, what will become of him? No; Miss Maitland tells you, if you will try faithfully to do well, she will retain your services. Things go very well under the new dominion. For the present you have the room to yourself. True, you do not get into it till near eleven, but it is a comfort to be alone even then. The work grows harder; duties increase. Weeks go on, and Miss Maitland says not a word of your compensation. Of course, it will be the same as Madame Southard allowed you; that was little enough; indeed, you could not possibly do with less; but then, why does not Miss Maitland speak of it?

It is your holiday, the second Sabbath in the month, but how can you go to your grand-father without the promised bottle of Madeira and the half-dozen oranges? You *must* go, with or without them; he would be so disappointed.

'Dear Fanny!' says the old gentleman, as you kiss him affectionately, and glance around the little room to see if all is comfortable; but he does not mention the wine, or even the oranges, and you feel relieved. The day passes in cheerful conversation, or in reading from the sacred Book. You arrange his papers for the hundredth time, take a stitch in the carpet which it sadly needs, and imagine how nice every would look if you could be there always to dust and mend. But that is impossible. His little annuity only serves to pay the rent. Just as you leave, so late that you almost fear to go back alone, he asks:

'Well, Fanny, what will your new Madam give you? Will she increase the salary?'

You hesitate a minute, then answer quickly, 'She has not said, grand pa. I will ask to-night.'

'Please, Fanny; for you should know, darling.'

You are summoned to Miss Maitland's apartment when you enter. She lives quite in style now. You glance around in surprise, and begin to fancy it a fine thing to be a teacher, and wonder if you will ever get to be the head of an establishment.

Miss Maitland introduces to you a stranger, who she says is the new French teacher, and will share with you your room. How sorry you are! But she looks pleasant, and you say, perhaps she is unhappy too; so you make friends with her, thinking you will like her very much. But you do not see much of Miss La Vue that evening, for you hurry away to ring the bell for prayers. A few days pass, and, in spite of yourself, your 'first impressions,' are sadly fading. You find your new friend any thing but what you could desire; a vain, flippant, unprincipled lady. If Miss Maitland was disagreeable, Miss La Vue is intolerable. All at once you remember your promise to your grand-father, and, on the impulse of the moment, lest your courage should fail, you seek Miss Maitland. She trifles awhile, asking senseless questions, talking nonsensically of young ladies' not needing much money till you venture a question, which brings out: 'Well, I will allow you one dollar a week!'

'One dollar! one dollar!' you mutter, scarce believing your senses, 'one dollar for all my toil, and labor, and unceasing watchfulness; one dollar, when Miss Maitland receives three hundred a year for the ordinary tuition of a single young lady?'

'One dollar,' persists Miss Maitland; and for five weeks of incessant toil you receive the generous, enormous compensation of five dollars!

And this is to buy your shoes, your gloves, the warm shawl that you need, the umbrella, and the warm over-shoes you ought to have for the wet days. From this, too, must come the dainties for your grand-father, beside a dozen other things you both need. You buy the wine and the oranges, a pair of thick shoes, and a cheap umbrella, with some socks for the old gentleman's comfort, and a stout cane to keep him from falling when he walks out, and your store is exhausted; not a six-pence is left to ride up on a cold, blustering day, when you have that horrid cough. You only wonder that the five dollars went so far.

Your grand-father is astonished; he is outraged. How he wishes that he was now in his prime, that he might right your wrongs and repay your hindness; but he is old and feeble. Miss Maitland is obdurate, so it is decided that you shall leave her.

What a snug aspect the little parlor assumes! How pleasantly does the tea-kettle sing on the hearth! You are free! It is easy to stitch, stitch all day. How the purses grow beneath your fingers! Every one praises your embroidery. A whole week passes, and you have earned two dollars. True, you have worked early and late. Your side often aches. The confinement is great; but there is no one to scold, no girls to tease; you are content.

Your grand-father has a miniature picture of your mother. It is very beautiful. How you love to gaze on it! An artist sees it, and begs to

copy it. At first the old gentleman scorns the idea. 'What, have *this* face copied? No! no!'

But the artist calls again. This time he sees you, and tells your grand-father that, if he does not like to lend the picture, he will come to the little parlor every day and paint there. The household fund is getting low; in fact, there is no bread for supper, notwithstanding all your industry. The young artist says that he himself is poor, but he will give five dollars now, and more, if he can afford it when he sells the picture. You watch the old gentleman's face; a tear is in his eye as he regards the picture; he shakes his head. Then he glances at the gold-piece in the artist's hand, and then at you. He is decided. 'Yes, Fanny, we will have a holiday!' You throw your arms around his neck, and sob and laugh like a very child; you cannot help it. A tear is in the young artist's eye, too. He leaves in haste, saying he will begin the picture next week.

The picture is finished, and brings a high price, which is liberally shared with you. But is this the only product of this great event in your little history? Why does your eye brighten so when you hear his step? Why is the flush upon your cheek as he sits talking with your grand-father, who tells him of your earlier days; how you once lived in splendor; how your father failed, involving him, too, in ruin; how every dollar was given to the creditors? And now the old man tells of all your goodness: how you have cast off your pride, and striven to keep want away from the humble dwelling; and he says 'Dear Fanny!' as he strokes your bright curls, and the young artist whispers, 'Dearest Fanny!' as he seats himself beside you.

Then comes, too, a long history of his own; of the injustice practised toward his widowed mother; of their penniless condition; of a kind friend who snatches them from poverty, and taught him how to use his dearly-loved pencil. He bids you call him Arthur, too. Ah! Fanny, what do all these sighs, and smiles, and bright dreams of the future, this ecstatic present, mean?

He is gone! His triumphs have been many; the public acknowledge his genius, and his heart swells with proud longings as the ship bears him to a far-off clime, where art is worshipped with a purer flame. But for you, hope dies, happiness is but a dream. You cannot get even the smallest things to do. You will starve soon at this rate. You begin to think of selling the old piano — your mother's — but what will you do then? You will forget all your music. You have one scholar; she comes to you twice a week, and you strive diligently to teach her the rules, and impart to her some of your own skill. Your thin white fingers follow patiently the notes; your little hand trembles with fatigue, yet you do not murmur, but tire on, kindly, earnestly. The quarter ended, the trifling recompense is paid grudgingly, and your scholar says she cannot come to you any more; that if you wish her for a pupil, you must teach at her own house. You look at the thin little finger which follows the notes, then at the round red hand that thumps on the keys, glance from the reflection of your pale, sunken cheeks to her full, ruddy face, from your wasting form to her robust figure, think of the long walk, the rainy days, the poor shoes, the soli-

tary grand-father, and begin to wonder if there is any benevolence in the world.

This will not do. How many little comforts leave the house! You go back to Miss Maitland. That lady is very glad that you have recovered your senses, tells you in private that M^{lle} La Vue ran away with the dancing-master; and promises to become your very best friend. You become a favorite. Were you unhappy before? your situation now is miserable. No one can do this thing and that thing half as well as Fanny. Fanny must have charge of this little girl and that little girl. There is no need of an extra French teacher, to bring the school into disrepute; Fanny knows French enough for the two younger classes. Fanny reads Virgil, Cicero, and Livy — how charming! The theological student can be dispensed with — a good two hundred saved. And Fanny's salary is raised to two dollars a week, vacations excepted!

Miss Maitland has a nephew. It is a pity you have pretty eyes, Fanny. Miss Maitland insists upon it, 'It will be such a good match my dear; James is rich, sensible, and loves you to distraction.' What matters it that he is coarse, uneducated, vicious, and, above all, that you despise him? How you would like to creep back again into the insignificance of former days! How you do wish Miss Maitland would bestow her questionable favors on any one but you! And then you blame yourself for your selfishness. Your grand-father is very feeble this winter; he yearns more and more for the luxuries to which he has been accustomed. The duties grow incessantly; the labor becomes daily more unendurable.

You are alone in your room. Miss Maitland has just left it. You have told her at last of Arthur. She scorns the idea of his returning to claim the poor orphan, who has nothing but her noble soul, pure principles, and lofty mind for her dowry. She has seen his name in the papers; he is honored everywhere, courted, *fêted*. Will he return to seek an obscure maiden, when beauty, and wealth, and rank are offered to him? You have decided that you will obey Miss Maitland, for she is indeed becoming peremptory, and you do not see what else you can do, but starve yourself, and kill your old grand-father.

O Fanny! it is all over; you need not sacrifice any thing for him now; he is dead, the dear old man you have loved so faithfully. The little room is darkened; a few chairs stand about; the coffin is near the door, just outside in the entry. Do not sob so, these tears are vain.

'But I am alone now, all alone; the only one who loved me, the only one for whom I lived is gone!'

The good pastor comes, tries to comfort you; tells you how peacefully he died, your name the last sound on his lips, as he commended you to the God of the fatherless. Your sobs become more subdued, but this weight of desolation crushes your spirit. 'O God! THY will be done!'

The chairs are filled by the few friends; the pastor's voice falls sorrowfully and lowly in words of blessed love; the coffin is carried away. You have not seen the stranger who stood leaning against the door-case,

gazing in sadness on your grief. You did not see him lift the pall and look earnestly on the features of the dead.

The girls speak low as you pass through the school-rooms again. They have learned to love and honor you, and more than one sympathizes with you in your trials. And now they steal around you, twining their fair arms about your neck, and whispering words of comfort. How sweetly falls this healing dew upon your wounded spirit.

Company in the parlor, and for you? You arrange the long curls hastily, look at the neat mourning-dress, and follow the servant downstairs. You pause a moment at the door; your hand presses against your heart to still its wild throbbings. The bright light of the globe-lamp dazzles you as you enter. At first you see no one, then you discern, standing and regarding you earnestly, a fine, noble form, a handsome, manly face, which you would know anywhere. The welcome is constrained on his side, he calls you Miss —, and you do not say Arthur, as you used to in that happy, happy time. He speaks only of your grand-father, asking many questions concerning his old friend. What! he rises to go. But wait one moment. He is very pale; his voice trembles.

‘Fanny, did you write this?’

You fairly snatch the letter from his grasp. Your cheek flushes, your hand shakes as you read.

‘Never, Arthur, never!’

He seizes your hand, clasps it in both his own.

‘And you never answered my letters, Fanny?’

‘Your letters?’ you gasp. Then you look again at the counterfeit. It is *Miss Maitland’s*! Your head turns; you can scarcely believe it, yet it is her hand, you know it well.

Arthur is whispering in low tones words that are very music. He tells you how for you he toiled up the steep of fame; how, for your sake, he coveted the cherished laurels, and now, with a name brightened by immortal honors, a fortune equal to your most extravagant dreams, he seeks his native land and his first love.

You are looking back now on the past. What a long life-time seem those nights of sorrow and days of anxious toil. And yet it is like a dream. You remember only your proud, gay girlhood, and the joyous scenes of the present. The years of anxiety and sadness are but a troubled vision, save that bright spot which is hallowed by the memory of your only love. Yes, the past is *very* distant. How is this? This first anniversary of your bridal-day is but your twentieth birth-day. Still, you say, ‘I am old,’ but with a smile, for Arthur and you are very happy.

HEREAFTER: AN EXTRACT.

If all our hopes and all our fears
Were prisoned in life’s narrow bound;
If travellers in this vale of tears,
We saw no ‘better world’ beyond;
Oh! what would check the rising sigh,
What earthly thing could pleasure give?
Oh! who would venture then to die?—
Oh! who would venture then to live?

A P A T R I O T I C H Y M N .

NEW-ENGLAND mountains, Texan plains,
Virginia slopes, Nebraskan vales!
One noble language breathes its strains
Along the freedom of your gales;
One mighty heart pulsates beside
The rolling of your every tide!

One patriot glory spreadeth white
Seraphic wings above your past,
And rainbows in eternal light
The costly blood which showered fast
On battle-fields of ancient time,
When love of country was a crime.

Heroic memories strike their root
Along your every hill and shore;
And not a flower beneath the foot
But burgeons proudly from the gore
Of noble breasts, which calmly met
The charging foeman's bayonet.

The echoes of old battles roll
In thunder down your cataracts,
And utter startlingly the soul
Of glorious times and deathless acts:
The changeless sun-bow waveth there
Your stripes along its native air.

A deathless rush of crimson rills
Through spectral ranks runs steeply down
New-England's first of battle-hills,
By Freedom's sickle fiercely mown;
And echoes, even to our veins,
But faintly worthy of such strains.

The ice upon the Delaware
Still trembles 'neath unshodden feet,
Which over-track its chilly glare
With life-blood oozing through the sleet
The foot-falls of a race of men
Whose like we shall not see again.

The horn of MARION echoes clear
Through Carolina's aged pines,
Whose every dew-drop, like a tear,
Is dashed aside by bannered vines;
Which, faithless of the hero's fall,
Still vibrate to his battle-call,

The heart of MERCEE beateth yet
Through every foot of Trenton's clay,
MONTGOMERY's last life-blood wet
The snow-drifts of a Northern day:
Those stains have melted from the snow,
But will not from our memories go.

The vivid thought of FRANKLIN beams
In every lightning-glare that flies
Above our zone-traversing streams,
Along our ocean-bounded skies;
And bids us open reverent souls
To Truth's eternal thunder-rolls.

Mount-Vernon bosoms in its sod
That generation's noblest heart,
Whom Greece had shrined a demi-god,
A man without a counterpart:
The throbbings of that patriot breast
Are echoed in our farthest West.

Such heroes splendedored not alone,
But many more who nameless sleep
Beneath the hasty funeral stone,
Where Nature took them to her deep,
Kind bosom, from the reeling strife
Of breast to breast and knife to knife!

They fell beside Atlantic's waves,
And never dreamed that sunset-seas,
Almost beneath their orient graves,
Would join their billowy hands with these
In ocean-greetings, round the strand
Of Freedom's ever-broadening land.

The stars which drop through tranquil air,
A fearless splendor to our eyes,
O'er-brooded them with trembling care,
As, tentlessly, 'neath winter skies,
They clutched their ever-ready arms,
And slept amid the war's alarms.

How oft those toil-worn spirits, ere
They sank in slumber, gazed above,
Through eyes half-blinded by a tear,
And longed to mingle with the love
Of those bright regions, where the flame
And rage of battle never came!

The planet-brothers, as they drive
Through sullen clouds, with spears of gold,
The glories of the dead revive,
Who conquered in the days of old:
Stars, flowers, mountains, plain, and sea,
Their mourners and mementoes be.

God help us keep the sacred trust
Our sires bequeathed us with our breath!
Crush treason in its native dust,
And struggle, faithful unto death,
With fearless soul and tireless hand,
For Liberty and Father-land!

Perhaps our country's glories chime
The vespers of the human race,
The sun-set of the orb of Time,
Now sinking from its stellar place
With vital splendor, doubly bright,
As ends its pilgrimage in night.

Then let it be a glorious one,
 This declination of a world;
 The fight of being grandly won:
 Life's war-worn flag triumphant furled
 By heroes worthy of the hour,
 Inspired, sublime with virtue's power.

A. W. DE F.

O N B A L L O O N I N G .

Not because my thoughts have been unusually aspiring of late, nor yet that I have grown weary of the monotony of the earth's surface, and am anxious 'to go up,' (as Mr. Miller's votaries term it,) but I have recently been *ballooning* a little; and if your readers, Mr. KNICK., will step on board my aeronautic car a brief while, I will tell you what I have ascertained concerning that curious machine for 'sky-larking,' *à la Français* yeleft the balloon.

The word, you know, is French, and signifies a little ball, from the circumstance probably that the earliest made were mere toys of paper, or of soap-suds. The appellation, as applied to some modern machines, so-called, is entirely a misnomer, they being characterized by any thing rather than minuteness.

A desire to navigate the great atmospheric ocean above and around us has ever been prevalent in our world; and the means wherewithal to do it have severely tasked the ingenuity of man from early times. Taking a clue from the feathered voyagers which glide through the liquid expanse with a motion so enviably fleet, easy, and graceful, the speculators on the subject have often racked their inventions for a proper construction of wings that should enable man, therewith equipped, to compete with the eagle in his own element, and distance the condor. But experience demonstrated that all attempts on the part of the unfeathered dwellers of earth to rise into the air above it, must inevitably fail, from the disproportion of their muscular power to the force necessary to move wings of magnitude sufficient to support their weight.

It was only in the latter half of the last century that chemistry detected the nature and differences of the specific gravities of *aëriiform* fluids. In some experiments made by Mr. Cavendish, in 1766, hydrogen-gas, which was discovered by him, was found to be sixteen times lighter than common air. This gas, therefore, if prevented from diffusing itself, will rise to a height at which the air is sixteen times more attenuated than at the surface of the earth. No sooner was this fact announced, than Dr. Black inferred that a thin receptacle filled with it would mount to the ceiling of a room. Through some imperfection, however, the experiment failed, and it was several years before an envelope was devised sufficiently light to succeed. In 1782, Cavallo experimented with the gas, but could raise nothing heavier than a soap-bubble.

With the respective specific gravities of hydrogen-gas and common air for data, it is easy to ascertain of what size a balloon must be to carry a given weight into the atmosphere. A globe of air one foot in diameter, at the level of the sea, weighs about one twenty-fifth of a pound avoirdupois. An equal globe of hydrogen is about six times lighter; consequently five-sixths of its whole buoyant force will act in impelling it upward, and a sphere filled with it will tend to rise by a force equal to five-sixths multiplied by one-twenty-fifth, that is, by one-thirtieth of a pound avoirdupois. The ascensional forces of different spheres, filled with the same material, will be, by a well-known law, as the cubes of their diameters. Thus a sphere, twelve feet in diameter, will rise with a force of fifty-seven pounds; and one of twenty-four feet diameter, with a force eight times greater, or four hundred and fifty-six pounds. This is irrespective of the weight of the envelope, which should therefore be of the lightest possible material that is sufficiently strong. The substance most generally used for this purpose is silk, varnished with India-rubber. A sphere of this kind, one foot in diameter, weighs about one-twentieth of a pound; one of twelve feet diameter, about seven pounds; one of twenty-four feet, twenty-eight pounds; so that the actual weight which a globe of twenty-four feet diameter will carry up will be four hundred and fifty-six *minus* twenty-eight, or four hundred and twenty-eight pounds. At this rate, a balloon of sixty feet diameter will raise about seven thousand pounds; and one of one and a-half feet will barely float — the weight of the envelope being just about equal to that of the imprisoned gas.

As the buoyant force is proportioned to the density of the air, it is evident that a balloon can rise only to such an elevation as will render the density equal to the machine and its appendages. That elevation will be retrenched by the fact that the expansive force of the gas constantly increases with the distance upward, and will ultimately overcome the resistance of any material of which a balloon can be made. An envelope quite filled at the surface of the earth, would be torn to shreds at a few miles above it, unless a portion of the gas were allowed to escape. For this purpose, the balloon is furnished with a safety-valve, capable of being opened and shut at pleasure.

Although balloons are commonly filled with hydrogen, it is evident that any other substance specifically lighter than air would answer the purpose. In fact, the first balloons raised into the atmosphere were filled with rarefied air. As this rarefaction was produced by a fire kindled under them, they became filled with smoke, and were called smoke-balloons. The ascensional force obtained by this means is not great, and is attended with the inconvenience of carrying fuel and the danger of the presence of fire.

The honor of sending up the first balloon is claimed for two brothers in Annonay, France, named Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier, in June, 1783. The material used in its construction was linen cloth, and the distension was produced by bundles of chopped straw. From the fact of this occasioning a great smoke, it would seem that the principle of ascension was attributed to the smoke rather than to the rarefaction of the air. On being let slip, it ascended rapidly; reached an elevation

of about a mile ; remained suspended about ten minutes ; and fell at the distance of one and a-half miles from the starting-place. When the news reached Paris, it created general surprise, and the *virtuosi* immediately began to consider the means of repeating the experiment. It was determined to employ hydrogen, and Monsieur Charles, a celebrated lecturer on natural philosophy, undertook the supervision of the process. On the 26th August, 1783, the preparations being completed, the balloon was transported with great ceremony to the Champ de Mars. Intense interest was excited everywhere, and all Paris and its suburbs came forth to witness the novel phenomenon. The next day, at five o'clock P.M., the discharge of cannon announced to the multitude that the critical moment had arrived. A writer, who was among the spectators, thus describes the scene : 'The globe, liberated from its stays, shot upward, to the great surprise of the lookers-on, with such rapidity that in two minutes it had reached a height of three thousand feet. It traversed successively several clouds, by which it was repeatedly obscured. The violent rain, which began to fall at the moment of ascent, did not retard its rapid progress, and the experiment was attended with complete success. The satisfaction was so great that even elegantly-dressed ladies remained with their eyes intently fixed on the balloon, regardless of the rain, which fell on them in torrents.' After remaining in the air three-fourths of an hour, it fell at the distance of fifteen miles, when it was discovered that a rent had been made in its upper part, through which the gas had escaped.

No one had yet voyaged in these aerial carriages ; but that feat shortly transpired. The honor of accomplishing it belongs to a young naturalist, named Pilatre de Rosier, and the Marquis d'Arlandes, who on the twenty-first November, 1783, took their seats in the basket of a smoke-balloon, and after ascending more than three thousand feet, returned safely to the earth. The second experiment of the same kind was made by MM. Robert and Charles, in a hydrogen-balloon, on the first January, 1784. After a flight of an hour and a-half, they landed twenty-five miles from Paris, without accident. The balloon still retaining considerable buoyant force, M. Charles resolved on another ascent alone. He rose to a height of two miles, and had the satisfaction of seeing the sun, which had set when he left the earth, again rise above the horizon. After remaining about thirty-five minutes, he descended about nine miles from where he had risen.

These successes encouraged other attempts, and no accident occurred until June thirteenth, 1785. On that day, the accomplished Rosier, who made the first ascent, and a companion, named Romaine, attempted to cross the Channel from Boulogne to England. Under the principal balloon, which was filled with hydrogen, they had suspended another, a smoke balloon, for the purpose of increasing or diminishing at pleasure the ascensional power. After rising about three thousand feet in fifteen minutes, the whole apparatus took fire from the latter attachment, and the unfortunate voyagers were dashed to the ground, and instantly killed. This disaster, however, did not dampen the courage of other aeronauts ; and so numerous have balloon ascensions become, as now to be not an uncommon spectacle in the principal cities of Europe, and

scarcely a novelty in our own country. Among those most distinguished on this side the Atlantic, as *aéronauts*, are Messrs. Lauriat, Clayton, Durand, and Wise, the latter of whom has, if we are not mistaken, made more than one hundred and fifty ascensions. A most graphic account of one of these went the rounds of the public journals some years since. Leaving Cincinnati, Ohio, late one afternoon, he rose to an immense height; entered a current of air blowing with a whirlwind velocity; remained suspended all one night, and well-nigh frozen to death; and after the most singular experiences, landed next morning, somewhere on the frontiers of North-Carolina. I am not aware that any catastrophe has attended the many daring adventurers in our country, although M. Lauriat was once dangerously soused in Boston harbor.

Somewhat large expectations were entertained at one time that balloons might be made to subserve several important purposes of science and utility. These, however, have not hitherto been realized. The great lack and desideratum is a controlling and guiding power over the machine while in the atmosphere. In one or two instances, however, they have been successfully used in military *reconnaissance*. The victory of Fleurus, obtained in 1794, by the French under Jourdan, over the Austrians, is attributed to knowledge acquired by the French commander of the enemy's movements, by means of a balloon.

Some interesting facts in science also have been elicited by the same means. In 1804, Gay Lussac and Biot made some ascensions, with a view to meteorological observations in the upper strata of the atmosphere. In one ascent they found that at an elevation of between ten and thirteen thousand feet, the oscillations of the magnetic needle were performed at the same time as at the surface of the earth. At twelve thousand eight hundred feet, the thermometer, which stood at sixty-three-and-a-half degrees at the observatory, had sunk to fifty-one degrees of Fahrenheit, being a decrease of one degree for every thousand feet. The dryness was proportional to the elevation. In another ascent, the variation of the compass, at the height of twelve thousand six hundred and eighty feet, remained unaltered. At fourteen thousand four hundred and eighty feet, a key, held in the magnetic direction, attracted with one end, and repelled with the other — the north pole of the needle. The same phenomenon was observed at twenty thousand one hundred and fifty feet. At eighteen thousand feet, the thermometer fell to freezing-point, and at twenty-two thousand nine hundred and twelve feet, seventeen degrees lower. At above twenty-three thousand feet, an empty flask was opened and filled with the air of that elevation, and on a subsequent analysis, gave the same proportion of the constituent gases as at the surface of the earth. These philosophers reached the highest point yet attained by man — above twenty-three thousand feet, or four-and-a-quarter miles above the sea — considerably higher than the loftiest peak of the Andes.

The above facts, it is believed, comprise all that has accrued to science from *aéronautic* expeditions. The difficulty of steering the balloon at will has hitherto operated to prevent its use for any higher purpose than the gratification of curiosity. It has, however, recently been sug-

gested that the buoyant gas be manufactured from coal, a much cheaper material, and the feat of Mr. Green has drawn public attention anew to the subject. That gentleman, with two companions, ascended from Vauxhall, London, with a stupendous balloon, carrying with him a ton of ballast; crossed the Channel; and after a flight of eighteen hours, descended safely in the territory of Nassau in Germany. This bold adventurer into ether, if we remember rightly, has since met a terrible death, being dashed to pieces by a fall from a tremendous elevation. The immense aerial ship, building a few years since at Hoboken, perished, *moriens natu*, we believe.

But who, in view of the constant advance of inventive science, may say that Yankee ingenuity will not eventually overcome the obstacles at present attending atmospheric navigation, and render the balloon as common a vehicle of conveyance as are now the steam-boat and locomotive-drawn car? To the eyes of a former generation, the latter would seem as great a wonder as regular lines of balloons could possibly be at the present day. It may perhaps be the destiny of some son of the old Bay-State to achieve the performance of establishing such a mode of conveyance, and thus rendering the balloon something more utilitarian than at present it seems to be—a sublime but profitless philosophic toy.

L. W. B. C.

Pittsfield, (Mass.)

'BROTHER, TAKE MY ARM.'

WHEN grief is heavy on thee,
Or dismal fears alarm,
Then, brother, lean upon me —
My brother, take my arm.
There's many a load of trouble
That taketh two to bear,
Where one would bend quite double
Beneath the heavy care.

If malice, in its rancor,
Has sought thy mortal harm,
My shoulder be thine anchor —
My brother, take my arm.
Though all, in time of trial,
May turn their eyes away,
Nay, brother, no denial,
My arm shall be thy stay.

If grief were mine to-morrow,
A grief that naught could charm,
I'd cry, in all my sorrow,
'O brother, give thine arm!'
Aye! let me feel another
Will weep with me in woe;
A brother, yea, a brother,
May all who sorrow, know!

THOMAS MAC KELLAR.

Philadelphia, Nov. 15, 1854.

R A I N R H Y M I N G S .

A 'POE'-ETIC ATTEMPT.

BY C. DESMARAIS GARDETTE.

SITTING in my darkened chamber, on this gloomy Sabbath morning,
 Opened on my knee 'The Raven,' but my lazy-lidded eyes
 Seeing dimly Pussy purring, in slow undulations stirring
 Just her tawny tail's last taper o'er the cushion where she lies;
 And my thought, in idle straying, scarce a musing moment staying
 O'er a mind-scene's dim portraying in the umber of the skies;
 Half-unconsciously a feeling indefinable comes stealing,
 Like the shadow of a forest in a bleak December night.
 O'er my spirit-landscape spreading, and a frosty twilight shedding
 Over all the varied verdure of my fancy's wandering sprite;
 And this shadow of a sorrow, gath'ring substance in the morrow
 From the floating mists of past-time and the vapors of to-day,
 Slowly, solemnly proceeding, on the dust of ages feeding,
 Ever sterner sorrows breeding on its soul-engulfing way;
 This shadow to the beating of my awed heart seems to say:

'Human glow-worm, cease thy glisten! To the voice of wisdom listen!
 Leave the meadows of thy frolic — seek the forest-gloom with me.
 And a lesson I will teach thee, (listen, glow-worm, I beseech thee!)
 While their shadows over-reach thee from the heart of every tree!
 Hearest thou the rain-drops patter? Seest thou the dry leaves scatter?
 They shall tell thee of a matter graver than the earth they strew;
 They shall still thy mocking laughter with a tale of the hereafter;
 They shall tell thee thou art drying, and the rain shall tap thee too;
 And, as from each bough they flutter, they this sterner truth shall utter,
 That though winter, hoary cutter! clips the life to which they cling;
 Still their prostrate corse pressing round the heart that gave them blessing,
 Wrap it in their warm caressing, till it burst with buds of spring;
 While for thee, oh! clay-encumbered! when thy wavings shall be numbered,
 And thy life-leaf rudely sundered by the rain-drop and the wind;
 Thou shalt clasp no fond embraces round the sap-roots of thy races;
 Thou shalt lend no freshened graces to the spring-buds of thy kind!
 Knowest thou what, in their swaying, are these forest-monarchs saying
 Scoffer! their great hearts are praying for the vigor of their age!
 They are chiefs in Nature's chorus, chanting from the sod that bore us
 To the throne that lightens o'er us, hymns for chainless vassalage.
 Storms those mighty trees have shaken, ages ere thou did'st awaken
 From the clod-enveloped slumber of the mother whence they sprung.
 Storms their limbs shall still be rending, ages after thou art blending
 With their dead leaves. O'er thy dust their grateful paean still be sung!'
 'Glow-worm, dar'st thou,' spake the Sorrow, 'chant a paean for thy morrow?
 Can'st thou from the forest borrow heart to hear the tapping rain?
 Dost thou feel thy life-leaves drying? Dost thou hear thy death-wind sighing?
 Dar'st thou pass from out the shadow to thy frolic world again?'
 And the sorrow's sombre shadow darker gloomed my fancy's meadow,
 While my fearful heart beat faster than the rain the sear leaves shook;
 But, unconsciously, a feeling indefinable came stealing,
 Like a ray of summer sun-shine o'er the ripples of a brook,
 And this sun-beam, as it brightened, with a gathering gleam enlightened,
 From the lode-star of affection, and religion's mellow ray,

Swiftly, smilingly proceeding, on the hope of soul-life feeding,
 Ever brighter radiance breeding on its faith-illuminated way;
 To the scowling, slow-dispersing, sombre shadow seemed to say:
 'Scorner, thou art vainly toiling, and thy skeptic lesson foiling;
In these arches of the forest is thy moral read a-wrong;
 For the lifeless leaves that scatter, and the rain-drops' mournful patter,
 Speak but of the mould of matter; and the hoary monarch's song,
 That for ages earth hath shaken, and for ages still shall waken
 Reverent echoes in the bosom of all God-adoring man,
 Shall have ceased its awful chorus, silenced in the sod before us,
 Myriad ages gone, when o'er us, in the Heavens' eternal span,
 Spirit-bands of these, thy scorning, in an everlasting morning,
 Aye shall chant a glorious pæan, from their glow-worm fetters freed!'

Swifter sped the sombre shadow from the sun-ray on the meadow,
 And my heart warmed, gentler beating, with each surcease of its speed.
 Still the radiance, ruddier seeming, tints with roseate hues the dreaming,
 O'er my gladdened fancy gleaming, 'neath these gloomy Sabbath skies;
 Still I vision Pussy purring, in slow undulations stirring
 Just her tawny tail's last taper, o'er the cushion where she lies.

V I L L A G E A F F A I R S .

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

It chanced once upon a time to be my lot to be engaged for one winter to teach school near the village of White-Oak, in one of the most thriving of our Western States, with the liberal compensation of fourteen dollars a-month, and my board—the latter of which, as is usual in country-places, I was to obtain at the residences of the different scholars, or in other words, I was to 'board around.' The school-house was about two miles from the village; but in the course of my travels from house to house, in search of board and lodging, I was often brought to its very out-skirts, and most of my spare time was spent there. I commenced school with about forty scholars, embracing all sorts and descriptions of characters, except studious ones, which class seemed to have been strangers to that region of country.

The two scholars who gave me the most trouble, and who were decidedly two of the most impudent and mischievous young rascals I ever had any thing to do with, were Jerry, or rather Jeremiah Lean, and Jonathan Timmons. The former of the two was the son of a 'well-to-do' farmer in the neighborhood, and the latter of an ex-justice of the peace, who had built a house about a mile from 'town,' as he called it, and declared his intention of retiring from public and political life, and devoting the rest of his days to the noble science of farming, which resolution he kept by spending seven days of the week in the village—six of them in reading the newspapers, talking politics, and

over-seeing 'matters and things in general;' and the seventh at church. He had instilled a deep-seated love of politics and contention in the breast of his son, the hopeful Jonathan, who liked to argue better than to do any thing else, except mischief, which seemed to be the ultimatum of his desires. Putting bent pins upon the benches for the boys to sit upon; burning sulphur on the stove in the school-room; throwing percussion-caps in the fire; putting salt in the water-pail, etc., were things of daily occurrence. He was rather shrewd, but nevertheless got into more 'scrapes' than he could well get out of. Chastising him did no good; for he had been used to it from infancy upward, and considered it as a necessary evil — an ordeal through which the school-boy must necessarily pass every day of his life, and which it was useless to try to avoid. A wordy warfare, and often one that was not confined entirely to words, was continually carried on between him and Jeremiah Lean, except upon occasions when they united their forces for the purpose of annoying the school-master, which was not seldom. Each was a sort of miniature copy of his father; copied his actions, echoed his sentiments, and thought he knew more than the school-master; and was ready and willing to dispute his words, if they did not perfectly agree with his own pre-conceived notions of the subject under discussion, whatever it might be.

A few days after the commencement of the school, I took occasion to explain to a class of youngsters, of which Jeremiah formed an integral portion, how the earth revolved around on its axis, and at the same time around the sun, and explained the effects of such revolutions in the formation of day, night, and the seasons. Out spake Jerry:

'You can't come that game over me! The earth don't turn round; if it did, we would all tumble off. That's what my father says, and I guess *he* knows.'

I told him I thought he must be mistaken; that I did not think his father had said so. He stuck to it, however, and soon Jonathan came to his aid: 'Yes, Sir-e-e!' said he; 'that *is* what his father says, and believes too. He says the sun goes around the world every day.' As it may be supposed, I was a little curious to see a man who professed such ancient ideas — the very argument of the old spelling-book 'piece' — but no opportunity occurred until it was his turn to board me.

He had been ill for several weeks, and was just recovering when I went there, which will account for my not having met him in the village. Never was there a man named with less regard to appearances than was Mr. Timothy *Lean*. He weighed about two hundred and fifty, wasted as he was by his recent sickness, and I have since seen him support fifty or seventy-five pounds more with ease. He attacked me as soon as I entered the house, on the subject of astronomy.

'Mr. —,' said he, 'do you believe that the earth turns around on its axis, and that it goes around the sun too?'

I insinuated that that certainly *was* my belief.

'Well,' said he, 'I do n't. I believe that the sun goes around the earth, and I 'ave my *reasons* for believing it too.'

I did not ask him what his reasons were, as I thought he would

impart them without much encouragement. I was right; for he soon gave them. They will be given at length to the reader in another place; suffice it to say, for the present, that he believed the earth to be flat; that the sun revolved around the earth daily, because the Bible mentioned that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, from which he inferred that it was in motion when the command was given. He argued that if a person travelled far enough, he would at last come to the 'jumping-off place,' for were not 'the ends of the earth' mentioned in the Bible? He disbelieved in attraction, and was convinced that no one had ever sailed around the globe. His foolishness excited more of pity than of risibility; but nevertheless I could scarcely keep a straight face, while listening to the assurance with which he advanced the most ridiculous arguments.

In the course of his remarks, he mentioned a literary society lately formed in the village, under the title of '*The White-Oak Young Men's Association*.' I had frequently seen notices calling for meetings of the 'W. O. Y. M. A.,' but had never yet attended one of their debates or lectures. Mr. Lean thought it was a very immoral society. He said that he had at first joined them, and endeavored to get them to discuss the question, 'Is the earth round or flat, and does it revolve around the sun, or *vice versa*?' but they shrank from discussing a question which involved the point whether the Bible was true or not, and turned their attention to more worldly subjects. As for himself, he had left them in disgust, and formed a society for the discussion of moral and religious subjects. He could not say much for his success as yet, as 'The Anti-World Turners' numbered but three members, namely, Mr. Timothy Lean, Master Jeremiah Lean, (who had been admitted so young on account of his wonderful precocity,) and Mr. Ezekiel Lean, the eldest son of his father, Mr. Timothy Lean. The latter personage was about twenty years of age, and occasionally showed symptoms of revolt from the doctrines of his ancestor.

There was another society in the village which had incurred Mr. Lean's most cordial dislike, and that was '*The Bachelors' Club*.' It numbered, he said, about twenty members, who had all solemnly sworn never to get married. They held meetings every week, at which, as a general thing, only members of the club were allowed to be present. The President was an 'old bach.,' of some sixty-five summers—Nicomachus Noddledumps by name. The 'W. O. Y. M. A.' also held weekly meetings, which were open to the public. The 'Anti-World Turners,' on the contrary, met officially, but semi-occasionally, whenever they could get an audience.

The next evening, I was at the village, and saw the following notice:

W. O. Y. M. A.!

The question, '*Was Napoleon a Great Man?*' will be discussed before the White-Oak Young Men's Association this evening, at seven o'clock. The public are respectfully invited to attend.

AUGUSTE ALTER, *Secretary*.

Committee to Report: C. AUGUSTUS CRANSTON, J. L. HOBBS, S. R. DICKINSON.

AFFIRMATIVE.

V. L. LITTLE,
AUGUSTE ALTER,
B. S. SAUNDERS.

NEGATIVE.

JOHN SMITHSON,
P. C. ELKHART,
DR. ISAAC SNTBBETS.

At seven o'clock, I found myself seated in the Union School-house, prepared to listen to a debate which was to decide whether Napoleon was worth remembering or thinking about any longer. The meeting was called to order by the President, Thomas Scotton, Esq., a flaxen-headed young man of about two-and-twenty years of age. He read the question and called upon the committee for their report. Accordingly, C. Augustus Cranston deliberately arose, took off his over-coat, and extracting from the pocket of the same a formidable roll of manuscript, with a solemn a-hem, spread it out on the table before him, and prepared to begin.

Mr. Auguste Alter, however, here interposed, and remarked that there was a little business to be transacted before they listened to the report. He said that out of the three debaters who had been appointed on the negative, he saw (and here he looked around upon an audience composed of about thirty individuals) but one present, and he proposed before proceeding any farther, that they should make Mr. Brown a member of the society, as he had agreed to debate on the negative, if he was honored with a membership of the 'W. O. Y. M. A.'

Mr. Little, who, by the way, was the *village* school-master, and whose name was altogether too small for him, as he was six feet in his stockings, arose and objected to any such proceeding. He said he would have no objection to voting for Mr. Brown, if he applied for admission at the proper season; but that it was entirely beyond precedent to admit members at the public meetings of the society. After a good deal of debating, to-and-fro, the question was 'put,' whether Mr. Brown should become a member, and was decided in the affirmative by a large majority — *two* persons voting on that side, while but one voted on the negative.

Mr. Brown having signed his name in a book, which was large enough to contain the poll-lists of a dozen such villages as White-Oak, Mr. Cranston began to read his *report*. His pile of foolscap had diminished considerably at the end of half-an-hour; but as yet no body could conjecture which side of the question he intended to support. At length, to his the reporter's mortification, and to the inexpressible relief of the audience, he was compelled to announce that through some unaccountable over-sight, he had left part of his report at home, and therefore would not be able to proceed.

The President then announced, what every one present knew, that the first debater on the affirmative was V. L. Little, Esq.

Accordingly, Mr. Little arose, and stated that he had come *entirely unprepared to speak*, and that he should not do so, did he not think that, considering the importance of the subject, it was his imperative duty to express his opinion. He made several objections to his being called upon to speak first, and after a few more equally interesting introductions, he launched with great vigor into his subject. He said he did not see how any man in his right mind, who had read history, *could doubt* that Napoleon was a great man; that when he read of Bonaparte's marches, battles, successes, reverses, etc., etc., he could not help thinking that he was the greatest man that ever lived; and he was *sure* that every disinterested person in that large and intelligent audience

would perfectly agree with him. He then went on to give a 'short sketch' of the history of that great man; and after 'boring' the audience with things which he said *every body* knew, until the President told him his time was up, he took his seat, with the remark that he would go farther into the subject at a later period in the evening.

Mr. John Smithson was next called to speak upon the negative, but neither he nor P. C. Elkhart being present, Dr. Isaac Snibbets took the floor. He was an excessively green-looking young man, and appeared like any thing but an M.D. His forehead sloped back at an angle of forty-five degrees, and although it was very high, (a proof of intellectuality?) but little of it was to be seen, as it was covered most of the time by his long coarse hair. A pair of green spectacles (spectacles add wonderfully to the dignity of the profession) were seated on his very large nose; and when he removed them occasionally, for the purpose of wiping the glasses, a pair of small, sharp, gray eyes could be seen, almost hidden by an impenetrable thicket of eye-brows. He may have been a very good doctor, for aught I know to the contrary, but he certainly did not excel as an orator or logician. He appeared rather surprised to find himself the focus of a number of pairs of very pretty eyes, and seemed a little 'hard-up' for a beginning. *He*, as well as Mr. Little, had come *entirely unprepared*, and hinted that he had not a great deal to say, as that gentleman had given him nothing to shoot at.

Hereupon Mr. Little cast a triumphant glance around the room, as much as to say, 'Behold, good people of White-Oak village, what an artful logician you have in your midst, who can talk around and at a subject for full twenty minutes, and not utter a single sentence his opponent can take offence at!'

Mr. Snibbets thought that if Napoleon had been a great man, he would not have led his army to Moscow and left them to perish. Having nothing else to say, he talked on that point a great deal, and repeated his arguments many times over. In fact he seemed to be in the same predicament as the son of a worthy deacon, whose father being away from home, undertook to say the family prayers, or rather the prayer he had been accustomed to hear repeated every evening, since the days of his baby-hood. He commenced aright, and for a time got on swimmingly, quite astonishing his mother, who had no idea she had so talented a son. At last, when he was in the midst of his invocations, his memory forsook him, and he repeated the first part of the prayer over again. This he did several times, till at length the patience of the good dame was exhausted.

'John,' she whispered, 'John, *do* get through some time.

'I would, mother,' replied the poor boy, '*but I don't know how to wind the darned thing up!*'

Just so it was with Dr. Snibbets. He did not know how to wind up. At length, the President came to his relief, by stating that his time was up, whereupon the doctor plumped down into his seat, seemingly with great satisfaction, without waiting to finish the sentence he was engaged upon.

Auguste Alter was the next speaker on the affirmative. As he was

the 'star' of the *literati*, the Secretary of the society, and the beau of the village, he merits a very particular description ; and although we cannot but despair of doing him justice, we shall do the best we can ; so that, if any body dislikes the description, they can surely find no fault with the writer. Mr. Auguste Alter was by birth a German — not a *Dutchman*, mind you, but a German — and in his eyes there was great distinction between the two. When he had occasion to make use of his own name, he pronounced it as if it had been spelled 'Awgooste Awlter.' I am sorry to say, for the credit of White-Oak, that its hero was not a 'tall, slender man,' with black eyes, chestnut hair, silky moustache, *distingué* air, etc. On the contrary, Mr. Alter was rather below than above the medium stature, even of Dut — Germans — being, by actual measurement, but four feet ten-and-three-quarter inches in height in his high-heeled boots. His hair, when it was not dyed, was rather inclined to be of a sandy color. His beard, when it was allowed to grow, was, we are sorry to say, decidedly red. His manner, though not at all *distingué*, could be distinguished at a great distance. He was very polite to the ladies, and, to his credit be it spoken, seemed to think full as much of the homely girls as of those who were more favored. He was a great lover (and by that he it understood that it was his love, and not himself which was great) of the arts and sciences, and of *man*, as well as *woman*-kind generally. Indeed it was a very frequent remark of his that he never went into a town without endeavoring to improve it morally and musically ; and it was not an empty boast, as far as the village of White-Oak was concerned, for it was by his exertions that the Young Men's Association had been formed, and he alone kept it in existence. Singing-schools were encouraged by him, and he gave free lessons in the art of fiddling — which, by the way, was one of his most-prized and exercised of amusements — to such as were desirous of thoroughly disturbing the neighborhood and annoying their friends. If it was his desire to keep his name before the public, he certainly succeeded admirably ; for he was mentioned in all places, and at all times. He was the professor of French and German in the Union-school, where he had three pupils, each of whom paid him eight dollars per quarter, which was his only visible means of support. He said he had money enough to live upon, and the desire of benefiting mankind was all that induced him to accept the situation. A praiseworthy motive, was it not ? But in our description of Mr. Alter, we have almost forgotten his speech, which was too eloquent to be entirely neglected. I wish I could give it to the reader entire and unabridged, but unfortunately there were no reporters present, to take down the words as they fell from his lips ; so that I very much fear that speech is irrecoverably lost, both to us and to posterity. His manner of delivery was very impressive, and the slight foreign accent rendered it but the more interesting to listen to him. He attacked the *able position* assumed by Doctor Snibbets with great vigor, and in a short time tore down all his defences, and exposed the unhappy man to the scorn of the community, as one who had wantonly assailed the character of the greatest man that ever lived. Mr. Alter then gave a short history of

Napoleon, and proved conclusively that he could not have been other than a great man.

Mr. Brown, the new member, then took the floor on the negative of the question. He was a beardless youth, yet in his minority, who either had never before addressed the public, or was abashed by the dignity of his new position as a member of the W. O. Y. M. A. At first he seemed to have some impediment in his speech, and it was some time before he got over it. He also was *entirely unprepared*. In fact, he had never *thought* of the question before that day noon, when Mr. Alter asked him if he did not want to debate, and which side he would take in the discussion. He replied that he would take the affirmative; but it seemed now that he had been placed upon the negative. He thought that if Napoleon had been a great man he never would have divorced Josephine. That, however, seemed to be the only obstacle to Bony's greatness, in the mind of Mr. Brown, and he discoursed chiefly upon that. He found no difficulty in 'winding-up,' as he closed as soon as he had nothing more to say, which was long before his twenty minutes were up. His conclusion was somewhat remarkable, as it expressed an idea which has probably been entertained by very many other orators, quite as fallaciously. He said that he did not know as he had expressed his thoughts so eloquently as his friend Mr. Alter might have done, *but he was quite sure that his arguments were all sound*, and he hoped the audience would agree with him.

Mr. Saunders then took the field in the affirmative.

When he closed, Dr. Snibbets spoke again. He seemed to have a grudge against Mr. Alter, and talked more of him than Napoleon.

That gentleman (Mr Alter, not *Napoleon*) seemed greatly excited at the remarks of the Doctor, and endeavored to edge in a word or two several times; but although the M.D. had the worst of the argument, he excelled in lungs, and completely drowned the voice of the Secretary.

When he closed, Mr. Little jumped up so quick that Mr. Alter did not have a chance to speak. When he was through, however, the Secretary gained the floor, but there were several cries of 'Question! question!' He appealed to the President, and showed him that by the by-laws of the Society, each member was entitled to speak twice, for twenty minutes each time, whereas he had spoken but once. But the President was tired, and he also wished the question to be 'put.' He next appealed to the ladies, but with no better success; and the question was 'put;' but such was the noise and confusion, that I could not hear the result. I afterward learned that both parties claimed the victory; and to this day I do not know whether I am doing wrong or not in retaining a remembrance of the deeds of Napoleon.

When I returned to the house, Mr. Lean asked me how I liked it. He did not wait to hear my answer, but launched forth into a long tirade against the Society, its members, and especially its Secretary, whom he denounced as an 'addle-pated Dutchman,' and remarked that 'in Old England such a fellow would not be listened to.' He also mentioned the Bachelors' Club, which also seemed to be an object of his

most particular hatred. Said he : ' They meet every week in the office of Tom Johnson, who is the Secretary, and there they carry on most awfully, drinking brandy and smoking segars all night, and swearing that they 'll never get married, and all that kind of thing. Why, it's dreadful ! You might know they were at some wickedness, for they lock the door, and won't let any body in who don't belong to the club. And there 's the President — old Noddledumps — he is the most uncivil man I ever met with. Why, in old England they would n't endure such a fellow an instant. It was only the other day that I asked him if he believed that the earth went around the sun, and he called me a d — d old British jackass, and told me to go to the devil. But *we're* going to have a meeting of the society in a couple of weeks, and then I'll reply to him publicly, in such a manner that he 'll think twice before he insults me again.'

I soon made the acquaintance of Tom Johnson, of the Bachelors' Club, and was by him introduced to the other members of that honorable body, and before long was present at one of their meetings. Their President — Nicodemus Noddledumps, Esq. — very irreverently called ' Old Nick ' by the younger portion of the club, was seated at one side of a round-table, on which were placed sundry suspicious-looking bottles and over a score of glasses, the latter of which were of all sizes and shapes. It was a most democratic assemblage — the officers being in no wise favored as regarded seats.

The President, indeed, occupied a dilapidated arm-chair, with the remains of a cushion in it ; but the Secretary was seated on the wood-box, which had been emptied and turned up for the occasion, while the Vice-President was mounted on an old barrel, with an exceedingly aguish head.

Mr. Noddledumps was a very inoffensive-looking old gentleman of about sixty-five years of age. His face was large and very red ; his nose, ditto. The top of his head was bald, and shone like silver. He was supposed to be an inveterate old bachelor, and was the founder of the club. He was what is called ' well-to-do ' in the world, and therefore did nothing except attend the club, read ' Pickwick,' drink brandy-and-water, and smoke segars. He was a great admirer of the doctrines of Mr. Weller, senior, and would often have made extracts from his sayings if unfortunately his memory had not been so poor that he could not recollect them. He opened the meeting very solemnly by informing the club that one of their number had been on the verge of desertion, and was only reclaimed by a very fortunate accident ; and called upon Mr. Green for his confession.

Mr. Green arose, (the name was not misapplied in his case,) and was sorry to inform the company that *he* was the individual referred to by the President ; that until very recently, feminine charms had been entirely lost upon him ; but that a few weeks ago, he had met a very pretty young lady in the village, who, as he passed by, dropped her handkerchief, and he, as in duty bound, picked it up and handed it to her. She smiled so sweetly that he fell in love on the spot, and had made several calls upon the young lady, who had always received him very graciously. Only two days ago, he had, contrary to his bachelor

vows, made known his love ; but very fortunately for his peace of mind and his standing in society in general, and in the Bachelors' Club in particular, she had refused him. He knew by that very refusal that she was an arrant coquette, and he had no doubt that he would have been miserable through life if he had been so unfortunate as to have been accepted. In conclusion, he hoped his brother bachelors would pardon his back-sliding, and once more receive him in their midst.

As this, as I afterward learned, was only the eighth time Mr. Green had back-slidden and been rejected, the club very graciously readmitted him.

The President was very much moved by this recital, and seemed truly thankful that his brother member had so marvellously escaped the perils of matrimony. For the warning of his friends, he recounted some of his own adventures, which, not having been narrated oftener than twice in three weeks, during the two years the club had been in existence, were listened to with the most profound attention. His first escape from matrimony had been effected by a precisely similar accident to that related by Mr. Green. In his next two encounters with the feminine gender, he was not so fortunate, being sued (each time by a widow) for breach of promise, which suits lightened his pocket to the tune of some four thousand dollars. For a short time after that, he steered clear of the fair sex ; but meeting a pretty young lady, he again fell in love, and again escaped by one of those remarkable accidents. His next escape was somewhat remarkable. He made love to a young widow, was accepted, and the day appointed for the wedding, when the *widow's* husband turned up, alive and well ; and coming home and finding Mr. Noddledumps and his wife holding a very particular conversation together, took the latter by the coat-collar and kicked him out of the house. This escape he considered the most fortunate of all, as he was nearly entangled in the fatal bonds when he was thus opportunely rescued. His conclusion was eminently pathetic. 'And now, my *dear* friends,' said he, 'you see the dangers a man is exposed to in his journey through life. Most of you are young, and have all your trials yet to encounter. On the contrary, *mine* are through, and most fortunately have I come out. I am now snugly anchored in the harbor of bachelordom, and for *me* there are no more dangers. Several years ago, when first my own trials were over, and I had time to look about me, I was pained to see so many of my friends, often the most gifted and talented, falling blindly into the trap of matrimony. In hopes to avert or lessen the evil, I formed this club—this noble Bachelors' Club. During the two years it has been in operation, it has numbered over fifty members. I see before me but twenty. *Where are the other thirty?* O my friends, need I tell you? No ; for it is but too well known that they are entangled in the awful bonds of matrimony !' Mr. Noddledumps seemed overcome with the remembrance ; for a tumbler of brandy-and-water was solemnly raised to his lips, while at the same time a white pocket-handkerchief stealthily approached his left eye. 'My dear friends, I remember them all. Many of them were among the most influential members of the club, and I had hoped that,

like me, they would have lived to be jolly old bachelors. But alas! they all fell into the pit prepared for them, and are now enduring the purgatory of a matrimonial life. My friends, take warning from their fate. Beware of the women. Beware of matrimony, and above all, my friends, beware of the widows! Tom Johnson, give me some more brandy-and-water.'

This speech created great feeling, and could you have seen the stern, determined countenances there assembled, you could not have doubted that they would adhere to their oaths of bachelorhood.

Mr. Green gave as a toast, 'The Bachelors' Club,' which was drank with great applause, as were also the healths of the President and Secretary.

Late in the evening, a committee of three was appointed to frame a set of resolutions, to be published in the village newspaper; but as they discovered that they had no pen; that no one present was sober enough to write; and moreover, that there was no paper at hand, the idea was cheerfully abandoned, and the club retired to rest, some under the table and others on it, with remarkable unanimity.

When I next attended a club meeting, the unfortunate Mr. Green had been entrapped, and had ceased to be a bachelor. Numerous were the lamentations for his fall. His name was solemnly erased from the roll-book of the club, and all remembrance of him was drowned in rousing bumpers of brandy-and-water. After that night, all mention of him was interdicted at their weekly meetings.

In the mean time, I had attended a grand mass-meeting of the 'Anti-World-Turners.' It was held on the ground-floor of Mr. Lean's barn. He had had large hand-bills printed and circulated for weeks beforehand, which procured him the attendance of some fifty individuals of both sexes. Mr. Lean was in first-rate spirits. He said, 'that that actually was the largest audience he had had since he had been in the States, and in so large an assemblage he thought he could surely make at least *one* convert.'

The Society first proceeded to elect officers.

Mr. Ezekiel Lean was unanimously elected to fill the chair, and Mr. Jeremiah Lean to fill the Secretaryship.

The meeting was opened by a prayer by Mr. T. Lean, which was followed by an oration, also by Mr. T. Lean. We have preserved a portion of the argument, which we here make public, hoping that the reader will appreciate it as it deserves:

'Gentlemen and Ladies: We have assembled here this afternoon, as all of you are aware, to discuss the merits of a momentous question—a question, gentlemen, which will soon occupy the attention of the whole civilized world—a question that involves in its solution the truth or falsity of the Bible! I allude, of course, to the question (but allow me to remark, gentlemen, in my mind it is *no question*) upon which our immortal society of Anti-World-Turners is founded. The question, 'Does the earth turn around at the rate of twenty-five thousand miles a-day? Does it revolve around the sun, or *vice versa*? Is the earth round or flat?' Now, gentlemen, the Society of Anti-World-Turners answers all of these questions in the negative. It proposes to found its

doctrines upon the evidence contained in this blessed book, (laying his hand on a Bible,) which is universally believed to be a revelation from God. Gentlemen, we believe that the earth is *not* round, but flat, and that the sun, moon, and stars go round it every twenty-four hours. The Bible, gentlemen, contains a direct statement in regard to this subject. It does not say plainly that the earth is round, or that the earth is flat, but it makes some statements, from which most excellent inferences can be drawn. For instance: if you will open your Bible at the tenth chapter of Joshua, the twelfth and thirteenth verses, you will find the following words: 'Then spake Joshua to the LORD, in the day when the LORD delivered up the Amorites before the children of Israel, and he said in the sight of Israel, 'Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou moon in the valley of Ajalon.' And the sun stood still, and the moon staid until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies. Is not this written in the book of Joshua? 'So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day.' Gentlemen, can any thing be more clear and explicit than that? It says, 'And the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day.' Gentlemen, I appeal to your judgment in the matter. What need was there in Joshua's commanding the sun to stand still, if it never had moved? Would you not infer from the very words, 'the sun stood still,' that it *had* been in motion? Astronomers and worldly men attempt to explain this passage by asserting that the *earth* and not the *sun* stood still. Gentlemen, that idea, when viewed in a religious point of view, is blasphemous! It deliberately asserts that the Bible is false—that it *says* one thing and *means* another! Gentlemen, I endeavor to conform my ideas to the Bible, and *not* the Bible to my ideas. Would that a great many *nominal* Christians would do the same. When viewed in a matter-of-fact, common-sense point of view, the idea is simply ridiculous. You have all heard of the disastrous effects which ensue when a rail-road train is suddenly stopped in its way, either by collision with other cars, or by running off the track. Imagine the earth to be one vast rail-road train, going at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, and to be suddenly stopped by some unseen power. What would be the consequence? Why, all of the inhabitants would have been swept off the face of the earth, as by some powerful whirlwind; and not only the inhabitants, but all other objects. The mountains would have been levelled, and the seas overflowed the land. But no such disastrous results are mentioned in the Bible; and do you think they would have been passed over, had it occurred? No, gentlemen, the idea is plainly a delusion.'

A large portion of his discourse is here wanting. We believe Mr. Lean proved the earth to be flat, by referring to the 'ends of the earth,' which are mentioned in the Bible; for how could the earth have any ends, if it was round? He also, if we remember aright, plainly and explicitly expressed his disbelief that any body had ever sailed round the earth; for how could they? When he had been round himself, it would be time enough to begin to think of believing that. Mr. Lean also advanced some very ingenious theories as to the manner of the future

destruction of the world by fire, and as to the period at which that very undesirable event was to take place. His audience was quiet and well-behaved, as *American* audiences *always* are, although a little wearied. Here is the close of his speech, which we have preserved :

‘Gentlemen : You people here in this country think you are the smartest folks in all creation — (his hearers begin to wake up) — and so you may be in some things. In building rail-roads, steam-boats, sailing-vessels, and in machinery of all kinds, you excel. I have tried to disguise it from myself for a long time that Old England is getting a little bit behind-hand on some things. But, gentlemen, England is a-head of you on the subject of education. To be sure, she does not build big school-houses and colleges, where poor folks can gain just enough knowledge to make them miserable, free of expense. No, she does nothing of that kind ; but her poor are educated at home ! Gentlemen, I have lectured to crowds of poor folks in a great many of the manufacturing towns in England, and very seldom did I find any one who had ever entertained the ridiculous idea of the earth turning on an axis, and much less of its going around the sun. So carefully are they educated at *home*, that such notions are not permitted to enter their heads. The frightful doctrines I have been speaking of this afternoon, are unknown to them. In fact, they are all Anti-World-Turners, new as the Society seems to be in this country. I am the pioneer of truth on this continent, and as such have met with revilings and persecutions ; but I bear them all patiently and submissively, and am proud that I am permitted to occupy the high position which I now do. Gentlemen, these outlandish doctrines were widely promulgated by that crazy English philosopher, Sir Isaac Newton ; and although it was an Englishman who planted these seeds of discord and wickedness, you must remember, for the credit of my native country, that it is also an Englishman who is endeavoring to eradicate them.’

We thought we had the conclusion of Mr. Lean’s speech, but find we were mistaken. He went on to speak of the other evils in the world, beside these monstrous ideas, and hit Bachelors’ Clubs and Young Men’s Associations pretty hard ; and also made a few remarks on the subject of slavery, which, he boasted, was an evil which did not exist in Old England. At the close of his address, he remarked that if any one would like to ask any questions on the subject under discussion, he would be happy to afford them any information in his power. But the audience did not seem to be very curious, and soon dispersed.

Mr. Lean for a long time hoped that he had made an impression ; but if he had, it did not remain long. He got his speech printed, but could not raise even a *newspaper*-man on the subject.

Soon after this memorable mass-meeting, domestic difficulties began to arise in Mr. Lean’s family. Ezekiel had fallen in love with the very pretty daughter of ‘Squire Timmons, (who, by the way — and we will now let the reader into a little secret — was the young lady from whom the unfortunate Mr. Green escaped so narrowly ;) and he had good reason for believing the affection to be mutual.

Now, ‘Squire Timmons and Mr. Lean were deadly enemies, and

neither would consent to the match; and as pretty Lucy would not marry without her father's permission, Ezekiel was in despair. He moped around the house for a few days, occasionally hinting that if he could not marry Lucy Timmons, he would remain a bachelor, and at last openly avowed his determination of becoming a member of the Bachelors' Club. His father stormed in vain. Zeke's mind was made up, and he did as he wished. He was received with open arms by the Club, who drank a double portion of brandy-and-water, and smoked twice the usual number of segars, in honor of the new comer.

Zeke, even after he had gained his membership, did not seem much happier than before. At home, he was scolded and talked at by his father, on account of having joined so sinful a set; and, at the Club, he was laughed at for the peculiar opinions expressed by himself and sire. To free himself from one source of trouble, he resolved to forfeit his membership in the 'Anti-World-Turning Society.' Having announced his resolution to his father, that worthy man, in his excessive wrathfulness, turned him out of house and home, and for a time disowned him.

In the mean time, the senior Mr. Lean was prosecuting some delicate business on his own account. He was, as I believe has been already stated, a widower; and he had lately been enamored with the productive farm of a widow, 'fat, fair, and forty,' who lived in the neighborhood. It may have been that he had no objection to the lady herself; but certes it is, that such was his love of the farm, that he was willing to take it, encumbered with the widow and her two children. He prosecuted his suit with great vigor, and entertained sanguine hopes of success. The widow and he were often seen riding side by side, on fine moon-light evenings, in Mr. Lean's large box-sleigh; and the gossips of the neighborhood had already settled it among themselves that it was to be a match.

On one of the evenings referred to, the horses, foolishly taking it into their heads to run away, had the misfortune to break the tongue out of the sleigh. There were no means of repairing it at hand, and they were two miles from any house, and five from the widow's.

The night was most piercingly cold, and the snow a foot deep. What was to be done? The lady was not, certainly, able to walk home, and he did not like to leave her to go for assistance.

At last, as there was no other way to do, he made up his mind to take one of the horses and ride back after a cutter. Just as he was starting, he heard the welcome jingle of sleigh-bells, and soon Mr. Noddledumps appeared in sight. I have often, since then, heard him declare that he did n't know what under the sun, or moon either, induced him to take that long, cold, moon-light ride. It is my belief, however, that it was his destiny, and that he was obliged to succumb to it.

Mr. Lean immediately hailed him, and politely requested the loan of his horse and cutter to take the lady home, which Mr. Noddledumps gruffly refused. He could not decline, however — fearful as he was of widows in general — to take this one to her home.

I do not know how it happened, but it certainly *did* come to pass, that Mr. Noddledumps' horse stood at the widow's fence for nearly two

hours that evening. The next evening, at the Club, he was observed to deliver his experience with less gusto than usual, and to leave out the warning about the widows entirely.

Two or three evenings during the next week, he might have been found at Mrs. Morgan's fire-side; and at the next club-meeting he was as silent as if he had never made any 'escape.' At the next, he was absent—a thing heretofore unheard of; and at the next, Tom Johnson opened the meeting by reading from the village-newspaper, the marriage of Nicodemus Noddledumps, Esq., to Mrs. Mary Ann Morgan!

This was the first intimation the Club had received of the awful news, and for a time all were silent. It seemed as if some terrible misfortune had suddenly fallen upon them. They could scarcely realize that their venerable president, 'Old Nick,' who had counselled and advised them for two long years; who had passed through so many trials; whom they had so long looked up to as one safely moored in the harbor of celibacy; that he should have been torn from that goal of happy bachelorhood to which his whole life had tended; that 'Old Nick' was an 'Old Bach.' no longer, but Nicodemus Noddledumps, Esq., the tender husband of a blooming wife, and the happy step-father of two angel-children, was indeed incredible.

Ezekiel, as the youngest member, having less appreciation of their common misfortune, was the first speaker. He remarked:

'Well, I suppose we shall have to elect another President.'

This remark, simple as it was, seemed to remove the charm which held them spell-bound, and in an instant the clatter was as intense as the silence had been before. This was quickly quelled, however, by the Secretary, who, using his heel as a gavel, and the floor as a sounding-board, made such strenuous exertions to procure order, that he knocked all the plastering from the ceiling of the room immediately beneath him, which little accident lightened his pocket of the sum of \$5.56, which loss, as he afterward remarked, should have been borne by the Club. Order being restored, and a ballot taken, it was found that Thomas Johnson was unanimously elected to fill the chair. He made a speech upon the desertion of their late President; but it was noticed by the Club that he did not denounce matrimony with his usual fluency.

Mr. Lean, Sen., saw the notice of the marriage also, and for a short time showed more anger than was compatible with the dignity of a member of the august body of Anti-World-Turners.

His rage soon settled down into seemingly inconsolable grief, and then it was that he felt the need of a companion. He proposed to Ezekiel that, if he would leave the Club, he would again receive him, and even give his consent to his marriage. Ezekiel willingly accepted the proposition, and was soon reinstated in his old quarters. His father's hatred to the Bachelors' Club had greatly increased since the fatal interference of Mr. Noddledumps in his matrimonial affairs, and he railed at them continually.

About this time, 'Squire Timmons began to entertain hopes of immortalizing himself on the floors of Congress; and, with such anticipations it became him to feel, or at least to express, a universal

friendship with mankind, and an especial benevolence of feeling toward the inhabitants of White-Oak and vicinity; and his memory being at that time, fortunately, engrossed with the recollections of the patriotic deeds of Washington, Jefferson, and other presidents, and his mind being fully occupied with the preparation of those wonderful speeches which were to immortalize himself and astonish mankind, he forgot all ancient petty grudges against the Lean family, and consented to the union of his daughter with Ezekiel.

When the Club again met, it was after Ezekiel's marriage; and as they were debating upon the spreading disaffection in their ranks, it was proposed by the President that the Club should be dissolved, as most of the members were inclined to desert. One Old Bach. affirmed that no more of the disaffected remained in the ranks. Whereupon Mr. Johnson very gravely stated that he would be happy to see them all at *his* wedding, three weeks from that evening. This settled the matter, and the Club was dissolved forthwith. Soon after this, the White-Oak Young Men's Association died a natural death; Mr. Auguste Alter, its founder and supporter, having betaken himself to other parts, to enlighten other communities and establish other associations.

As for Mr. Lean, his grief at the loss of the widow and her farm grew less and less, but has never entirely disappeared. Even to this day, when he is travelling in that direction, he sighs as he casts his eye over the broad fields now in the possession of 'that villainous scoundrel, Noddledumps.' The two associations which disturbed him so greatly, being removed, there was nothing to distract his mind or to prevent him promulgating the (to-be) immortal doctrines of the 'Anti-World-Turners.' Not having remarkable success in his own neighborhood, he resolved to travel, and give public lectures; at which occupation he is now engaged. His adventures, if collected, would fill a large and interesting volume; and it is to be hoped that, before long, some enterprising compiler will make them public.

'TO AN ABSENT WIFE.'

Come! come! come!
 For, oh! why should you roam,
 When your heart's chosen mate is awaiting,
 Like a bird in his nest,
 With a lone watchful rest,
 All his gay social pleasures abating?
 While he dreams in his soul all the night and the day
 Of his union again with his mate far away.

Come! come! come!
 To make happy our home
 That in anticipation is building;
 All the frame-work is done,
 The rich trimming begun,
 And your gay smile will serve for the gilding!
 Then, my soul's idol, come, with our dear baby-boy,
 And my lone heart will bask in the sun-shine of joy.

New-York, Oct. 1, 1854.

GEORGE W. ELLIOTT.

THE THREE HALOS

'In the last *American Almanac*, in an article on 'Atmospheric Electricity,' it is related that, some twenty years since, during a violent snow-storm, three men were seen crossing one of our Eastern rivers upon a bridge, each with a circle of light about his head.'

NOTE TO THE EDITOR.

I.

THE river roared and foamed below,
And wildly beat the drifting snow,
As passed three men, with toiling tread,
Each with bright beams around his head.

II.

So walked, with way-worn feet, and slow,
The saints, long centuries ago,
With glories which the artists old
Have shadowed forth by rays of gold.

III.

Had the old ages come again?
And walked the saints once more with men?
Whose touch should make the suffering whole—
Whose voice should rouse the lifeless soul?

IV.

These flaming halos might not stay;
The brilliant promise passed away;
The earth is waiting now, as then,
The voice to rouse the souls of men.

V.

But let us idly wait no more,
But gather strength like theirs of yore,
And with a saintly zeal and faith,
Pursue the CHRIST of Nazareth:

VI.

With eyes that never look behind,
With love that grasps all human-kind,
And souls left open to admit
The impulse of the INFINITE.

VII.

Thus shall old ages come again,
And saints shall walk once more with men;
Their faces luminous with truth,
And holiness, and endless youth.

THE WILL-O'-THE-WISP: A SENECA LEGEND.

BY CHARLES ALDRICH.

'Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind.'

A SHORT distance below the Indian village of Cold Spring, in the county of Cattaraugus, State of New-York, and about a mile from the Alleghany River, there is a small lake or pond, formed of the waters of an extensive marsh. The lake is filled with decaying vegetable matter, and, having no outlet, its waters become stagnant and discolored. Their sombre hue impresses one with the idea that they are almost or quite fathomless. At times strange lights may be seen floating above the surface, and gliding about in various directions. Though easily accounted for upon scientific principles, they have ever been regarded by the unlettered red-man with feelings of superstitious dread. The aborigines have a curious legend concerning this strange 'will-o'-the-wisp,' which was once related to me by an old copper-colored friend, as we were seated upon a little knoll at the southern extremity of the lake. Years have passed since its narration, but if my memory serves me correctly, its substance was as follows:

Many hundreds of moons since, long before the pale-faces were known to the red-man, a small tribe of Indians dwelt upon the beautiful savannah at Brady's-Bend, about seventy miles above the present city of Pittsburgh. They were peaceable, industrious, and subsisted by agriculture, and the simple arts of peace, and not, like many of their neighbors, by the shedding of blood in hunting and war. They delighted in athletic sports, and games of various kinds, and were noted for their skill in the feats of dexterity customary among the Indians. They frequently invited the members of other tribes to compete with them at their festive gatherings. On one of these occasions a sad accident occurred, by which a Seneca warrior lost his life. Though purely an accident, this affair exasperated his friends, who determined to wreak a fearful revenge upon their peaceful neighbors.

Accordingly, a band of Senecas armed themselves for the war-path, and, floating down the majestic Alleghany to the ill-fated village, attacked it with unrelenting fury. An indiscriminate slaughter of old and young, male and female ensued. Only one of the tribe, a dark-eyed, beautiful maiden was saved from the general destruction. She had been seen and admired on a previous occasion by a young Seneca brave, who successfully exerted himself to bear her away unhurt from the scene of slaughter.

When the marauding party returned, the Indian girl, sorrowful and weeping, was carried to the northern home of her captor. In a few days she found herself among his friends at *Che-au-shung-gau-tau*, (Cold-spring,) who sought by every means in their power to dispel the

clouds which enveloped her brow. But their efforts were of no avail. Though she had previously admired her captor, and had longed to share his fortunes, she now, as the slayer of her kindred and the desolator of her home, conceived for him the most intense hatred and disgust. She earnestly desired to return to her home, though she knew that naught but desolation and loneliness would meet her sight — and mingle her tears with the ashes of her loved and lost ones. She was closely watched, however, and for a time it was futile to entertain any idea of attempting to escape.

But at length, to her great delight, a seemingly favorable opportunity presented itself. The family in which she lived became engaged in making sugar the spring after her capture, on the bank of the little lake. Her captor, who intended soon to claim her for his wife, had built a light birchen-canoe to float upon its placid waters, and they were in the habit of riding in this fairy vessel during the calm evenings of the early spring. A torch-light at the prow of the boat made every object visible for many a rod around them. These little excursions, had her heart been there, would have been delightful and romantic indeed ; but she cherished a burning desire for revenge, which she determined to gratify at the first opportunity.

One murky evening, while they were gliding over the lake, and he was using every artifice to win her affections and dispel the gloomy feelings which he knew were making her unhappy, she conceived the idea of murdering him, escaping to the opposite shore, and making her way home as best she could. When his back was turned in paddling the boat, she raised a stone hatchet which lay at her feet, and, striking him a severe blow upon his temple, he fell, with a dull, heavy sound, into the yielding waters, and sunk to rise no more. No sooner had she begun to congratulate herself upon her prospect of escape, than a gurgling sound at the bottom of the boat aroused her to the fact that it was filling with water. In falling over-board, the body of the murdered Indian, by its weight, had in some manner broken a hole through the bottom of the frail structure, through which the waters poured with fearful rapidity. She shrieked for help, and endeavored to stay the rushing waters with her garments, but in vain. The boat sunk, the light was extinguished, and the unfortunate maiden and her lover slept side by side beneath the darksome waters of the Indian lake.

MANY of the old Indians aver, that frequently in the calm, still evenings of the warmer portions of the year, the ghosts of the unfortunate maiden and her lover revisit the lonely tarn where this dreadful tragedy occurred, and that the scene of their departure to the spirit-land is re-enacted with graphic fidelity. Upon such occasions they are seen gliding along in a phantom canoe, with a torch at the prow. They near the centre of the blackened waters ; a scene of apparent confusion ensues ; splashing sounds are heard, and shrieks, like those which come from the drowning. Soon the light sinks beneath the surface, and silence and darkness resume their reign over ' the misty mid-region.'

Olean, (N. Y.), Jan. 1, 1835.

THE SAILOR'S BURIAL.

THE boatswain's pipe calls us around
A brother sailor's bier;
Hark! mess-mates, 't is a warning sound
That breaks upon the ear.

The sands of life are running fast,
Our voyage will soon be o'er;
And we our anchor too must cast
On Death's dark, dreary shore.

Mess-mates, upon our brother's breast
We 'll pile no mouldering earth;
No stone shall mark his place of rest,
Nor chronicle his worth.

The sea! the sea! the boundless sea!
We 'll make our brother's grave;
And peaceful will his slumbers be
Beneath the emerald wave.

The mighty billows, as they sweep,
The tempest's awful roar,
For him a fitting dirge shall keep
Till time shall be no more.

Hark! hark! 't is done: deep sinks the corse
Beneath the briny wave,
While onward speeds our gallant bark,
In gladness from the grave.

Her flowing canvas courts the wind
That waits her on her way;
Proudly she ploughs the mountain wave,
And dashes through the spray.

So o'er life's sea we glide along,
While pleasure swells the sail,
While Hope breathes forth her syren song
Upon the fragrant gale.

But ah! when Hope's bright star grows dim,
When cares and griefs arise;
When foundering 'neath the weight of sin,
Upward we turn our eyes:

Ungrateful, while the world can cheer,
We seek not Heaven by prayer;
But when the hour of death draws near
We ask for mercy there.

ROBERT T. MACCOWN.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

FUDGE DOINGS: being TONY FUDGE's Record of the Same. In Forty Chapters. By IK MARVEL. In two volumes: pp. 492. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

OUR readers, who have followed the '*Fudge Doings*' through successive numbers of this Magazine will not expect, nor need, any extended reference to the volumes before us. We have but to say that they are well printed, and embellished with portraits, by DARLEY, of old SOLOMON and young WASHINGTON FUDGE, which, to their very signatures, are faithful illustrations of their characters, as drawn by the author. As showing Mr. MITCHELL's purpose in the work, we annex the 'Letter of Dedication' to Dr. B. FORDYCE BARKER, a metropolitan physician and surgeon of rare professional merit and fast-rising fame:

'MY DEAR DOCTOR: When I began the papers which make up these volumes, I had no intention of giving them the form of a story; I purposed only a short series of sketches, in the course of which I hoped to set forth some of the harms and hazards of living too fast — whether on the Avenue, or in Paris; and some of the advantages of an old-fashioned country rearing.

'It seemed to me that there was an American disposition to trust in Counts and Coal-stocks, in genealogies and idle gentlemen, which might come to work harm; and which would safely bear the touch of a little good-natured raillery. By the advice of my publisher — who thinks, like most people now-a-days, that the old-fashioned race of essay-readers is nearly extinct — I worked into my papers the shadow of a plot, and have followed it up, in a somewhat shuffling manner, to the close.

'The whole affair touches upon matters of money and of morals, which we have frequently talked over by your fire-side, with a good deal of unanimity of opinion. I think you will agree with most of my sentiments, and only disapprove of the way in which I have set them down. Indeed, I wish as much as you that the book had been better made, with more currency of incident and more careful management of characters. But it has been written, you know, under a thousand interruptions; some chapters date from a country home-stead, others from your own hospitable roof; still others have been thrown together in the intervals of travel through Italy, Switzerland, and France. I have seen no 'proofs;' and have trusted very much (and very fortunately) to the kind corrections of my friend Mr. CLARK, of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE. I know it is a pitiful thing for a writer to make excuses for his own neglect; and I do it now, less in the hope of gaining a hearing from the public, than of winning your private charity.

'Such as the volumes are, however, I dedicate them to you.

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'Once more, I want to guard you against the error of thinking, from any tone of satire which may belong to the book, that the writer is wanting in regard for the worthiness of the good people who live around you. I claim, you know, to be an adopted son of your city; and it is a claim of which I am proud. I can never forget the kindnesses which have met me there; and whose recollection brings a pleasant home feeling to my heart whenever I catch sight of Trinity spire lifting over the houses.

'There seems to me a world-wide heartiness about New-York which promotes a larger hospitality for opinions, and for people, than belongs to any other American city that I know. New-Yorkers wear their hearts — like their purses — wide open. They may fall into errors; but they are true American errors of a generous liberality. It is in keeping with the spirit of our institutions to use large trust toward all men: New-Yorkers may lose by it, in their purses, as they sometimes do in their homes; but the loss even seems to me worthier than the gain, which is secured by a close-eyed suspicion and a prudent inhospitality.

'I am glad that you are now fairly domesticated in that Prince of American cities. I know that you will find your way in it to fame and to fortune; and I hope that you will wear always your old cheerfulness of look, however rare may prove the epidemics.'

HYPATIA: OR, NEW FOES WITH AN OLD FACE. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, Jr., Rector of Eversley, Author of 'ALTON LOCKE,' etc. Second Edition. In one volume: pp. 487. Boston: CROSBY, NICHOLS AND COMPANY.

We did not receive a copy of the first edition of this work, but it is easy to see why it should so soon have passed to a second. It is a beautiful romance; such an one, we cannot help thinking, as would have delighted the pure taste of the lamented author of the 'Letters from Palmyra.' We take the following synopsis of its character and contents from the last '*Christian Examiner*,' a spirited and various number of an always excellent publication:

'THE scene is laid principally in Alexandria, early in the fifth century. The Roman Empire was then hastening to decay. Naught could save it from the fate which ages of oppression and corruption had destined for it. But ere it fell, it received in Christianity the source of a higher civilization for the new Europe which should arise, Phoenix-like, from its ruins. Still, as the growth of Christianity kept pace with the decline of Rome, it was not unnatural that some should connect the two in their minds as cause and effect, or deem that a return to the old gods would bring back the old heroism and glory. Of such was HYPATIA, the beautiful philosopher of Alexandria, and hence arose a bitter hostility between her and CYRIL, the ambitious patriarch of the Christians in that city. This resulted at last in the murder of HYPATIA, by a mob of the partisans of CYRIL, under circumstances of the most atrocious barbarity. Our author has connected this event with the attempt of HERACLIAN, Count of Africa, to seize the throne of the feeble Emperor HONORIUS. ORESTES, Prefect of Alexandria, designs to avail himself of this struggle, to shake off his own allegiance to the court of Constantinople, and assume the sovereignty of all the African provinces; and HYPATIA, though detesting him, consents to accept his hand, and aid his rebellion, her object, as far as acknowledged to herself, being the overthrow of Christianity, and the restoration of heathenism. But HERACLIAN is defeated, and the Alexandrian plot, artfully countermined by CYRIL, is allowed to reach its full development, only to be the more totally and disgracefully overthrown. Then comes the vengeance of the populace upon HYPATIA. Other leading characters of the book are PHILAMMON, a young monk from the Thebaid desert, in search of adventure, truth, and a long-lost sister; PELAGIA, the sister, a lady of easy virtue, who becomes in the end a recluse of extraordinary sanc-

tity; a party of Goths, who move among the dwarfed successors of ancient greatness with the port of the world's acknowledged masters; and last, though not least, RAPHAEL ABEN-EZRA, an Alexandrian Jew, and his mother MIRIAM.

The interest of the work is not chiefly in the heroine, still less in PHILAMMON, the apparent hero. . . . The true hero of the book is RAPHAEL ABEN-EZRA. In him are exemplified the struggles of a refined intellect to attain the truth, amid the errors with which it is encumbered in a degenerate age. He engages our respect even from the first, and at length our deep sympathy and love. CYRIL too, the proud and politic archbishop; ORESTES, the prefect, whose indolence is only awakened to action by the hope of empire, but who, when thus aroused, works with as much cunning and as little principle as any man who ever over-reached his own aims; VICTORIA, the noble Christian daughter, whose bright faith raises ABEN-EZRA's heart from 'the bottom of the abyss,' and gives him a hope and an aim for which to live; the careless AMALRIC, the more thoughtful WULF, the frail but loving PELAGIA — all these are creations of a high order of merit. We cannot say as much for MIRIAM, the old Jewish leader of the plot. In her the character of the soothsayer, almost the prophetess, the daughter of SOLOMON, and ruler among the rulers of men, is blended with so much that is revolting, that its dignity is lost; and we retain only a disgust, which makes us regret to find in her the mother of the noble ABEN-EZRA.

The great lesson taught by 'HYPATIA' is, 'to beware of a philosophy which merges God in nature, virtue in sentiment, and common-sense in a parade of words.' We find portrayed in the volume the 'civilization that forgets justice and equity; and read the warning that such a civilization must be near its doom.'

THE LIFE OF HORACE GREELEY, Editor of the '*New-York Tribune*.' By J. PARTON. In one volume: With Illustrations: pp. 442. New-York: Published by MASON BROTHERS.

We promised in our last number an extended review of this work; but its large circulation, and the copious extracts which have been made from its pages in the newspapers of the day, renders this not only unnecessary, but would make us amenable to the charge of obtruding 'JOHNNY THOMPSON'S news' upon the public. Let us therefore, (after again commending the volume to general perusal, both on account of variety and interest, and for the important lesson which it teaches to the indigent youth of our country,) content ourselves with indicating the staple of its contents, from the divisions adopted by the author, premising that we have his assurance, which we did not need, that 'the book is as true as he could make it,' and that 'nothing has been inserted or suppressed for the sake of making out a case': 'The Scotch-Irish of New-Hampshire;' 'Ancestors, parentage, birth;' 'Early childhood;' 'His Father Ruined;' 'Removal to Vermont;' 'At West-Haven, Vermont;' 'Apprenticeship;' 'He Wanders;' 'Arrival in New-York;' 'From Office to Office;' 'The First Penny Paper, and who thought of it;' 'Editor of the New-Yorker;' 'The Jeffersonian;' 'The Log-Cabin;' 'TIPPECANOE and TYLER too;' 'Starts the *Tribune*;' 'The *Tribune* and Fourierism;' 'The *Tribune*'s Second Year;' 'The *Tribune* and J. FENIMORE COOPER;' 'MARGARET FULLER;' 'Editorial Repartees;' 'Eighteen Forty-Eight;' 'Three Months in Congress;' 'Association in the *Tribune*

Office; 'On the Platform; 'Hints Toward Reforms; 'Three Months in Europe; 'Day and Night in the *Tribune* Office; 'Position and Influence of HORACE GREELEY; 'Appearance, Manners, Habits.' One can easily see the wide scope of the book from the foregoing syllabus. The engravings, five in number, are a full-length portrait of GREELEY, (in the old white coat,) his arrival in the city, his birth-place, the village-school, and the editor in his sanctum. The volume is well printed.

MILE-STONES IN OUR LIFE-JOURNEY. By SAMUEL OSGOOD, Author of 'The Hearth-Stone,' 'God with Men,' 'Studies in Christian Biography,' etc. In one volume: pp. 307. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

In a very brief reference to this exceedingly pleasant volume — and by this term we mean something deeper and more fervent in many respects than the word conveys — we have already expressed our opinion of its character. Since our last number was issued, however, we have read it again — every chapter of it; and it has gone the rounds of our not limited family-circle; and the domestic verdict is unanimous. We fully agree with a contemporary reviewer, of the first class, who justly describes Mr. Osgood as combining in his style 'a scholar's learning with the direct and practical instruction which meets the wants of common men; and in his mode of treating his chosen themes, he passes naturally from a solemn to a pleasing strain. As the basis of his intellectual culture, he has a wide catholicity and a generous purpose, which make him an eclectic of the safest and most useful kind. The marked periods and incidents of human life form the themes of the volume, which lead us forth into public scenes of experience and conflict. The true test of the practical value of such essays depends upon their healthfulness of spirit, their freedom from every tinge of personal disappointment or individual eccentricity, and their fidelity to life's great lessons, as they are presented to those who live under much the same common influence.' Tried by this test, we must pronounce a warm encomium on this volume. Its spirit is sedate but genial. Some exquisite thoughts and delicate fancies gleam over its pages, and continually remind us that its themes, though of the oldest, are still the least exhausted, and need only the mining-tools of an able and earnest mind to be made to give up their precious treasures. The spirit in which the work is written may be inferred from this passage in the modest and well-written preface: 'If this book makes one young man more thoughtful, or one old man more cheerful, or if it leads one pilgrim to go on his way more bravely and more faithfully, with sober memory as the guide of his sanguine hope, the author will be well repaid.' We make all the extracts for which we have space, from the opening 'division' of the volume, 'Companions by the Way, an Introductory Sketch,' the true spirit of which may be inferred from this remark of the author: 'Take from a man all the knowledge and strength that he has received from associates, and you strip him of himself, and take his inmost life away. Before using our own eyes, we first see through the eyes of others; and how-

ever mature our vision, there will always be some subjects that we study better by hearty sympathy with others, than by any proud philosophy of our own.' Read the subjoined, from 'School-Days':

'BEYOND our river the Chelsea shore rose by a graceful slope to a considerable hill, over whose shoulders towered the summit of another and distant hill that seemed to our boyish eyes the very limit of the horizon. When leave was granted, one holiday-week, to pass a day with a play-fellow, whose father's farm was at the foot of that height, the little journey rose into the grandeur of travel, and LEBYARD himself never felt more proud of his marches. To crown the whole, when our adventurous little company scaled the summit, looked out upon the vast ocean, then descended the opposite side, bathed in the sea-surf, and came back laden with a goodly store of luscious berries and strange shells, never was ALEXANDER more proud of his conquests; although, as we saw the big sails in the offing, sweeping toward foreign lands, we knew that we had not yet quite compassed the globe, and could not share his chagrin that there were no more worlds to conquer. The river and that distant hill had appeared to bound our universe, and childish as the illusion seemed, it is one that every age of life in some way repeats, and as long as we live we are crossing some last stream, or climbing some final obstacle, only to find broader waters and higher obstacles rolling and swelling before our path. Sad blow to our childish romance! our Ultima Thule has fallen into the hands of speculators, and the stately hill, with its graded house-lots, figures among the fancy-stocks of the land-market.

'The better philosophy that is now gaining ground is rescuing childhood from contempt, and finding traits of providential wisdom in the play-spirit that makes so much of the poetry of our early years. Surely we can never work well when we forget to play; and I verily believe that some of the worst traits and coarsest vices of our nation come from over-much worldly care and utter neglect of healthful sports that stir without inebriating the blood and nerves. In childhood, the force of nature educates us in spite of ourselves, and every genial play-ground is a monitorial school to teach the muscles, senses, and faculties their offices. Our circle of play-fellows has disappeared, and many of them have gone to their graves; yet mature years have but deepened our conviction of their power, and our charity for their defects. Looking back now with a keener eye for character, it is not difficult to remember traits of enterprise and daring that needed the arena only to make their possessors famous. Almost every boy was distinguished for something. The biggest dunce at books was the chief hero among horses, and with his critical eye and firm rein made the rest of us fall abashed into the back-ground as he rode proudly by. Not a few sprightly natures that were very wizards in inventing sports for our Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, could not summon a single *spell* to their aid when called up for recitation. The great wonder is, that boys are preserved safe in limb and life in spite of their reckless pranks. What one of us now would, as of old, venture at any moment's offer to extemporize a fast gallop upon any chance steed, without waiting for the saddle; and who of us, who have kept up our acquaintance with salt water, can look without a shudder now to those high wharves and buildings from which we used to jump and dive in the merriest sport? Surely there is a guardian angel over the bones as over the heart of childhood; and call the benign power 'Nature,' or some more winning name, we must all own its ministry, and be thankful for its blessing.'

Here is a limning, 'sketched in,' as the artists term it, yet assuring us what the finished picture might become with a farther use of the same pencil:

'I REMEMBER creeping into a very small place to catch a glimpse of WEBSTER, as he stood up to give his oration at the laying of the corner-stone on BUNKER HILL, and the tones of his majestic voice chimed well with the massive strength of his brow. Never were our people more moved than when our own representative, EVERETT, gave us the first specimen of his charming oratory, not long after he bore his classic laurels from the Professor's chair of ease into the dusty arena of political life. He appeared first in the procession, and astonished us by so youthful looks in a man of such name. He was not far from thirty, and his cheek was full of color, his eye brilliant, his hair curling, and to some of us who had not then gone far in the Classical Dictionary, he seemed like a PERICLES started into life from his marble sleep to charm our day. His oration was upon the death of ADAMS and JEFFERSON; and if school-boys had been umpires, the palm of sovereign eloquence would have been given him by acclamation. It may be a small thing to say about so eminent a personage, but one who was in youth a neighbor, may testify of him, that no man, probably, has ever figured in our public affairs who has said so few unkind words, and done so many kind deeds as he.'

One of those practical jokers that are found in every college is thus drawn by Mr. Osgood, in a sketch of some of the companions of his class :

'Our most mischievous rogue soon finished his collegiate career, and entered a larger field of enterprise. He was a genius in his line, and his room was a complete magazine of mischief. He kept on hand a variety of fulminating powders of his own manufacture, and often a half-dozen bomb-shells, filled with water and tightly corked, would be hidden in his fire, to astound the unwitting visitor with the innocuous yet emphatic explosion of cork and steam. His room communicated with the cellar by a trap-door, which allowed the occupant free exit and ingress. If his door were watched, no sound or sight indicated the inmate's participation; and some eager proctor, bent on personal investigation of the premises, would be very likely to find the perpetrator of the mischief quietly seated in his study-chair, conning his book with the puritanical gravity so habitual to his long face and straight hair. Every bold prank that startled the faculties of the vigilant Parietal Board was supposed to originate in him, whether the bell was tolled at midnight with no hand visible at the rope, or the Commons' knives and forks disappeared, or a hogshead of molasses was emptied of its sweets in the Commons' kitchen, or the College-pump was blown up by a shell. Our droll rogue was of wholly another complexion, with a face capable of as many funny wrinkles as there are leaves in PUNCH'S Almanac, and with powers of legerdemain and ventriloquism that might have made his fortune in that craft. He went through his course without censure, although chief source of all the milder practical jokes; and it is not easy to see, in the man of science and the grave citizen, now, our funny comrade of by-gone years.'

For the seventeen admirable essays (the themes of which we have already named) which follow this opening paper, we must refer the reader to the volume itself; being well assured that our judgment 'in the premises' will be fully sustained by that of the public.

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW for the January Quarter. Boston: CROSBY, NICHOLS AND COMPANY: New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

THE number preceding the present issue of the 'North-American' was a very interesting one; but our notice of its several papers has been 'crowded out,' until it is now 'out of due time.' The number before us contains twelve reviews proper, (with a few briefer 'Critical Notices,') upon the following topics: 'The Moorish Dominion in Spain; 'Finished Lives; 'Greek Pronunciation; 'The Transmigration of Souls; 'The Lessons of Modern History; 'Kansas and Nebraska; 'European and American Universities; 'Twenty-Six Years in the Slave-Trade; 'The Works of GEORGE BERKELEY, D.D.; 'NEANDER'S Church History; 'WORKS OF FISHER AMES; 'and 'LORD MAHON'S Last Volume.' The 'Critical Notices' are of 'Lyteria,' GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS'S 'History of the American Constitution,' THORNTON'S 'History of the Colony of Massachusetts,' HART'S 'Female Prose Writers of America,' Bishop POTTER'S 'Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity,' with notices of six other and kindred publications. Of the elaborate papers we have found leisure to peruse only those which are of marked interest: the one on Bishop BERKELEY, that on 'Finished Lives,' and the last, on 'LORD MAHON'S Last Volume.' We make a short extract from the last-named article. It seems that 'the noble lord' stigmatizes severely the sentence under which Major ANDRE died; to which 'thus then' the reviewer, in a few well-chosen words, which really meet the whole argument:

'THE tribunal before which ANDRE was brought was the best that America could afford; and that WASHINGTON should have acceded (as Lord MAHON blames him for not doing) to the suggestion of referring the matter to the decision of ROCHAMBEAU, his subordinate, and KNYPHAUSEN, his enemy, is simply absurd. He might as well have been called upon to consult CORNWALLIS as to the propriety of investing Yorktown.

'But in what respect was the finding of this board unjust or illegal? Since Lord MAHON waives the disputed point as to the flag of truce, we also will forbear its discussion. The only other argument he brings for slighting their judgment is the fact that ANDRE, when arrested, was under the protection of ARNOLD's pass; and 'how loose and slippery becomes the ground,' he urges, 'if once we forsake the settled principle of recognizing the safe-conducts granted by adequate authority, if once we stray forth in quest of secret motives and designs!'

'Now, if there be any thing at all in this argument, it amounts simply to this. ARNOLD, as commander of the West-Point district, had a right to surrender the post; and to interfere with any contract or engagements which he made to that effect was wrong. Under many circumstances, we would assent to this proposition. But nothing is better established, in the law military no less than in civil codes, than that fraud taints every thing it touches. That GROTIUS and VATTTEL were not quoted by the court in their decision, was probably because neither GROTIUS and VATTTEL affords any thing approaching to a parallel case. It never entered their heads, we may suppose, that any one could be found to contend that passes and safe-conducts were made to be prostituted to such purposes. But they do say, and in explicit terms, such things as these: Whatsoever it is unlawful for a man to do, it is also unlawful for another to persuade him to do; as, for example, it is unlawful for a subject to deliver up a town without the consent of a council of war; and therefore it is also unlawful to persuade him to do so. If ANDRE was not within the American lines as a spy, we do not know what the phrase means; certain it is, it was as a spy that he sought to leave them. We do not know that we can better reply to Lord MAHON's ingenious and honest arguments than in the language of a soldier, and one of his own countrymen. We quote from Colonel MACKINNON's History of the Coldstream Guards:

'THE American general has been censured for directing this ignominious sentence to be carried into execution; but doubtless Major ANDRE was well aware, when he undertook the negotiation, of the fate that awaited him should he fall into the hands of the enemy. The laws of war award to spies the punishment of death. It would therefore be difficult to assign a reason why Major ANDRE should be exempted from that fate to which all others are doomed under similar circumstances, although the amiable qualities of the man render the individual case a subject of peculiar commiseration.'

'But in another part of this very volume, Lord MAHON himself controverts the position he has here assumed. In 1781, when the French descended on Jersey, the commander of the troops there, being captured, in due form made a capitulation of the island. It was afterward decided that his powers so to do were insufficient; and he was cashiered. But what was the conduct of his gallant subordinates? Disregarding the orders of his chief, Major PRERSON, the second in command, attacked the foe with such violence that they were soon compelled to surrender. Now, what is there to prevent the indulgence of reflections similar to those which he announces in the case of ANDRE? How loose and slippery becomes the ground, if once we forsake the settled principles of military subordination — if once we stray forth in quest of secret motives and designs!

'All laws which are not based on common-sense are common nuisances. Tested by this standard, we cannot conceive that the justice and lawfulness of ANDRE's fate should be generally and seriously questioned. His success was intended to be the ruin of America and the destruction of her leaders. What, then, should have been the penalty of his failure? It was a game of life and death; and a fearful example was, of all things, necessary to our own protection. If ANDRE escaped, why should not the next negotiator have had a like immunity? Thus every general in our army might have been in turn subjected to the most dangerous temptations. We therefore again repeat what we believe is, and ever will be, the solemn conviction of our countrymen, if not of all the world, that his life was forfeited by his conduct, and that his death was just and necessary.'

This is undoubtedly true; and the only thing connected with this sad affair, for which WASHINGTON has ever been really blamed, was, that he did not permit ANDRE to be shot, as he requested, and not hanged like a murderer. But why did 'nt *the British* think of this previously, when that noble youth, NATHAN HALE, Jr., was caught reconnoitering within their lines on Long-Island? How about *that*, 'me Lud'?

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A LAUGHABLE 'LAW LITIGATION.'—Law has been pronounced by a wise authority, to be the 'perfection of human reason.' If, now and then, owing to the vagaries of the great science, we are led to doubt somewhat the entire justice of this assumption, still there *are* cases in which Truth and Justice so triumph over Wrong and Chicanery, that one is almost willing to yield a ready acquiescence with the spirit of the maxim which we have quoted. You may talk as much as you please of the 'laws of England,' whence, in a degree, we derive those which govern our own republic; but ever and anon cases arise in this 'wooden country' which must be tried by American law, administered in a way of our own; and of such is the following, an 'authentic record from the minutes:'

'In the Supreme Court.

'ALLEGANY COUNTY COURT.

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| EDWIN S. BRUCE and PHILENA M. BRUCE, Resp'd'ts, vs. ORANGE W. DAYTON, Appel't. | 'SIR: You will please take notice that ORANGE W. DAYTON, the appellant in the above entitled action, appeals from the judgment rendered in said cause by the County Court of Allegany County, to the Supreme Court of the State of New-York. Dated December ninth, 1850. |
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'Yours, M. B. CHAMPLIN, Att'y for Appellant.

'To JOHN J. ROCKAFELLOW, Cl'k of said Co.

'A. L. DAVISON, Att'y for respondent.

'This was an action brought by PHILENA M. BURR, plaintiff, against ORANGE W. DAYTON, upon a note of \$21, dated June 10th, 1847.

'The action was commenced August 31st, 1848, and the cause tried on the sixth of December of the same year. The pleadings and trial were under the code of 1848.

'The defence was that the note was given for a cow purchased by DAYTON from PHILENA M. BURR, and that there was fraud in the sale; that the cow had a defect in the bag and teats, known to the seller, and concealed.

'Judgment was rendered by the Justice for the plaintiff, for the amount of the note, and interest and costs of suit. DAYTON, the defendant, appealed to the Allegany County Court.

'During the pendency of the appeal there, the plaintiff intermarried with one EDWIN S. BRUCE, and the Court, upon an *ex-parte* application by plaintiff, substituted said

BRUCE and wife as plaintiffs, and afterward judgment was rendered in their favor in the County Court, in the form contained in the Rule, at fol. 23 of the case.

'Whereupon DAYTON appealed to this Court.

'PLEADINGS AND RETURN.

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| PHILENA M. BURR. <i>vs.</i> ORRIN W. DAYTON. | 'SOLOMON MCKEAN. |
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'Plaintiff declares on a note. Amount note and interest, \$22.83.

'Sept. 8th, '48.

I. C. SPAULDING.

'Sworn and subscribed before me,

S. MCKEAN, J. P.

'IN JUSTICES COURT.

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| PHILENA M. BURR. <i>agst.</i> ORANGE W. DAYTON. | 'ORANGE W. DAYTON, the said deft, deposeeth |
|---|---|

and saith that the said note mentioned in the plff's complaint was given for a cow that he got of the said plff, and that the said plff recommended

the said cow to be a good one; that the said cow was not worth near as much as was recommended, and that the said deft offered to trade back the cow, but the plff refused, etc., and that the cow was not worth the amount of the note.

'EDW. RENWICK, Att'y.

'Allegany County. — ORANGE W. DAYTON, the above deft, being sworn, says that he believes the above complaint to be true.

O. W. DAYTON.

'Sworn and subscribed before me this 8th Sept., 1848, HENRY STEVENS, J. P.

'The defendants insists that the cow had a defect in her bag known to plff, but concealed from him at the time of the purchase: also she was recommended good and perfect, no bad tricks or defects about her, which was untrue; and deft will claim at least \$25 damage on the cow — also a set-off for pasturing, etc., of \$12.

'O. W. DAYTON.

'Sworn and subscribed before me,

SOLOMON MCKEAN, J. P.

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| PHILEMA M. BURR, <i>agst.</i> ORANGE W. DAYTON. | 'The plff replies to the defts answer, that the |
|---|---|

cow therein mentioned was as good as she was recommended by the plff to be: that she had no defects in the bag known to this plff: that as

to the qualities and habits of the said cow this plff made no statement but what was true: that the cow was worth all deft agreed to give for her: as to the set-off that she owes the deft nothing, because she never had any pasturing of him.

'P. M. BURR.

'COLLINS BURR, the agent of plff, being sworn, saith that he believes that the above reply is true.

E. C. BURR.

'Sworn and subscribed before me,

S. MCKEAN, J. P.

'JUSTICES COURT

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| PHILINDA M BURR <i>vs.</i> ORINGE W DATON | 'I SOLOMON MCKEEN the Justice of the Peace |
|---|--|

before whom the above cause was tried do certify to the court of common pleas of the county of Allegany that the said cause was commenced

by summons issued on the 31 Day of August 1848 returnable the 8 of Sept at 1 P M Personally served By S O MCKEEN con fees \$0 33 8 Plaintiff apeard by an attorney I C SPALDIN Defendant by an attorney EDWARD RENWICK Both sworn as to thare authority of acting as such Partis pled in writing on oath cause a Journd on Defendant oath til October the 6th at 1 P M

'6 Partis apeard Plaintiff By an attorney S. NICHOLS sworn cause a Journd By the agreement of partis til til December 6th at 1 P M

'6 partis apeard and tride cause

'Complaint and ancer amended and sworn to Note

'Due M. Burr twenty one dollars when called for and use. — Dated Cuba, June 10nd,
1847. O. W. DAYTON.

presented bie plaintiff attorney and admitted defendants.

'PHILINDA M BURR sworn as witness for defendant says the Note was given for a red cow seven yers old

'CLAY GRIFIN sworn as wit for defendant saus he knew the cow in gestion milked hur for defendant thinks it was in July 1847 one tit had a hole in one side the milk would spurt out and an other had a stopige so you had to work it down with your thum and finger out of the bag and then milk it out of the tit the tit milk hard and a small stream on the cross examination witness says he was not much used with milking

'W C RUBY sworn as witness for defendant says he milked the cow in gestion onst or twice tates the same as to the bag and tit as the a bove witness she had Just com in was dry when defendant baut hur she would ben worth \$25 or \$30 if thare was no defect in the bag or tit as she was not More then \$10

'on the cros examination she give a large mes of milk

'LABAN HOUSEL sworn as witness for defendant seys she was dry som time before defendant got hur thinks he milked hur nite and morning the most of the time after she came in for three month states the as the second witness in regard to bag and tit if no defect the cow was worth \$25 \$30 as she was not more then half

'on the cros examination she give a large mes of milk

'LABAN BEDFORD sworn as witness for defendant says that in the last of August or first of Sept 1847 defendant oferd plaintiff one Doler and som other articals if she would take the cow back she said she could not Defendant ast hur why she did not in form him about the hole in the tit She sed she did not think it ingerd hur

'BENJAMIN HAINS sworn as wit for defendant says he lived on what is cald the bul farm it was ocupied by defendant one yere and knew the cow in gestion and see hur half the time on the farm se COLINS BURR turn them in it is worth \$4 or \$5 to paster a cow a year think the cow worth \$10 or \$12 hes seen them milk in the field

'Here Defendant rested

'COLINS BURR sworn as witness for plaintiff says knows the cow that is in gestion she belong to Mother til the time she was sold to defendant wit says he hired defendant to paster the cow and had paid him for it had milked the cow the most of the time while we ond hur she was a good cow for milk one hind tit had a hole in it never had eny difficulty in milking hur never knew hur to leek hur milk Sold hur a bout the 12th of June 1847 Defendant had olwise knone the cow thinks the hole was olwise in the tit except a short time he cut it and it held up

'MARY BURR sworn as witness for plaintiff says she raised the cow Defendant said if I sold hur he must have hur she was an xtordny good cow Defendant baut hur Defendant said he came in to see a bout the cow I said what that hole in the tit he said no he did not care enithing a bout that nor about hur milking hard but she did not milk to soot him

'DAVID CURKPATRIC sworn as witness for plaintiff thinks he milked hur the fall or winter before defendant baut her she was not milked the nite before did not discover eny defect in the bag only the hole in the tit by puting the hand over the hole the milk would not com out hardly any defendant lives a bout three rods from plaintiff thinks the cow worth \$20 or \$25 Here Plaintiff rested

'MARY JANE ETON swornas witness for defendant says plaintiff went and milked for defendant she said the cow milked as she alwis did and the reson she did not tel him a bout the hole in the tit was because she did not think it eny inJury Defendant oferd hur \$1,00 and the keeping if she would take hur back

'LABON BEDFORD a gain cald by defendant stated the same as before except the cow was worth \$10 or \$12

'HALVY RANDOLPH sworn as wit for the defendant says he milked hur once a bout

a yer a go thare was a hole in one tit and a sopige in a nother thinks her worth not more then \$10 or \$12

'STOCKIN RANDOLPH sworn as wtnes for defendant says he see cow in defendant paster thinks he see them milk hur thare the cow was cald plaintiff from a calf

'CLAY GRIFIN a gain cald by defendant says COLINS BURR is not in titled to credit under oath

'BENJAMIN HAINS & WILLIAM C RUBY & LABAN BEDFORD & STOCKIN RANDOLPH all cald by defendant ant testified to the same as the a bove witness

'Here Partis rested

'Court took four dais to give his Judgment 1848 December the 9 Judgment rendred a gainst Defendant for \$23,20 Damage and \$4,33 Cost

Damage \$23,20
Cost 4,33

'the necery Papars ware handed me Aprile 18th and one Doler paid

'Dated New Hudson this 23 day of Aprile 1849

'SOLOMON McKEEN J P

PHILINDA M BURR

vs

ORINGE W DATON

'to the Judge of Alleaney County

'Pursuant to an order of this Honorable Court made on the December 4th 1849 Delivered

to me January 4th 1850 I SOLOMON McKEEN a Justice of the Peace of the county Alleaney do further certify and return to this order in this cause that the complaint and Ancer set forth by the Appellant and the rule of the cort are corect

'CLAY GRIFIN testified thare was a hole in the end of one tit & and one in the side the milk would run out in his face it was a permanent defect

'LABON HOUSDEL Tes the hole in the sid of the tit was round like the hole in the end of the tit & would let milk out freeley & flye all over his face

'BENJAMIN HAINS Tes see BURR cattle to gether with the cow in question half the time on defendant farm for 4 or 5 years

'COLINS BURR Tes Plaintiff milk the cow when I was a way from home Paid for paster in diging potatoes half day husking corn cold not tel how much

'MARY JANE ETON Tes that Plaintiff refused to take the cow back

'HALEY RANDOLPH milked hur be fore and after plaintiff milk hur for defendant and she had a hole in one side of the tit and a stopig in a nother tit

'SATON RANDOLPH Tes See the cow in Defendant meadow

'BENJAMIN HAINS again cald Tes see the cow when a calf alwis cald Plaintiffs

'LABON HOUSDEL a gain cald Tes he see the cow in defendant paster the spring 1847 several times end occsaonly for too monce

'Given under my hand this 11 Day of January 1850

'SOLOMON McKEEN J P.

'(Buling of the Justice referred to in the return.)

'The defts counsel insisted he held the affirmative of the matter to be tried and had the right to close the argument.

'The court decided the plaintiff held the affirmative, and unless the defendant first summed up he would be precluded from doing so. The debt summed up first expressly stating he done so by compulsion of the Court, and not waiving any of defts rights by so doing.

SOLOMON McKEEN, J. P.

'ALLEGANY COUNTY COURT.

'Genl. & Special Term, June 19, 1850.

PHILENA M. BURR, Res.

agst.

ORANGE W. DAYTON, Appt.

'It having been suggested to the Court that since the appeal was taken to this Court, to wit: on the 19th day of February, 1850, the said PHILENA M. BURR intermarried with one EDWIN S. BRUCE,

and that said plaintiff and her husband are still living and the same having been duly shown to the Court by affidavit on motion of A. L. DAVISON, Plaintiff's Attorney, or-

dered that the said action be continued in said Court and proceed to Judgment in the names of EDWIN S. BRUCE and PHILENA M. BRUCE, Respondents, against ORANGE W. DAYTON, Appellant, defendant.

'It is also ordered and adjudged that Judgment be entered accordingly against the said defendant for the sum of twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents damages and eighteen dollars and eighty-seven cents costs. — Angelica, Nov. 8, 1850.

'JOHN J. ROCKAFELLOW, Clerk.

'State of New-York, Allegany County-Clerk's Office. — I, JOHN J. ROCKAFELLOW, Clerk of said county, do hereby certify that I have compared the foregoing copy of Judgment Roll in this cause, with the original on file in this office, and that the same is a true copy of said original Judgment Roll, and of the whole of said original. Dated January 20th, 1851.

JOHN J. ROCKAFELLOW, Clerk.

Our lawyer-readers (and correspondents) are numerous, in all parts of the Union; but our desire is, that while we may be refreshing *their* minds with a revival of principles which may have 'slipped their memories,' we may at the same time convey to laymen those legal ideas, and rules, and maxims, '*et al.*' 'whereof they themselves are not possessed of.' 'Who was the wisest man?' SOLOMON. 'Here is that,' says DOGBERRY, touching the 'organ' that occupied the 'skin atween his brows,' '*here* is that which shall bring them to a *non com!*' And that is the place to which *we* have arrived: '*non comatibus in swampo.*' 'It is all a *mud-dle!*' But 'by slow degrees, not yet.' There are *some* things in the 'briefs and points' for respondent and appellant which rather 'told,' we suspect, in this case. The second point, for the first, was, that 'As to the defendant's set-off, even if any pasturing of the cow had been procured, nothing was due from the plaintiff for it, because plaintiff never *owned* the cow till she was *sold*, when plaintiff's mother *gave* the cow, or the note for it, to plaintiff.' (See GROT. *et* VAT. *et al.*: '*Law of Nat's.*' § b.: lib. xx: Also, WHEATON, Internat. Law: fol. 67: cap. 140: Also, Old SALTONSTALL, J. P., N. Y. Reports, 1829.) For the appellant, it was contended that the only issue was on the 'Tit.' This was decided in 'that behalf;' for 'it was a fatal error,' says the Court of Last Appeal, 'to include in the judgment more damages than was claimed in the declaration. The judgment could not go beyond the sum claimed in the complaint.' Of course not: who ever got in law more than he claimed? The only remedy at law for the respondent was the *sasherara*; but no *nolle-prosequi* had been issued; and hence it was impossible to carry the case up on a *habeas-corpus*. But we wish to call the attention of our legal and lay readers to *one* fact: the 'good messes' of milk that the 'panel' in this case '*gave on cross-examination.*' This was an abuse of counsel, who in this instance even went 'on the other side of JORDAN.' Patiently chewing her cud, ('quid' is the politer word, probably, but not so legal,) we are to suppose her standing there to be pumped; subject, like modern witnesses in courts of justice, to insult and contumely. If she had kicked over the entire 'mes' of 'em, milk, milk-and-water-counsel, and all, she could have come off clear by pleading the 'general issue,' thus literally giving 'tit for tat!' (See 1st CAINES, 593: 7 WENDELL, 330: 5 SAM. HILL, 76: DENIO, 311.)

'ETHICS OF COMMON-SENSE.'—Under this title, a correspondent who has done much to enliven and enrich the pages of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, in various ways heretofore, proposes to furnish us with occasional extracts from the blank-book where they have been accumulating for some years. A scholar ripe and good, a keen observer and rare humorist, our readers may anticipate from his stores no ordinary instruction and entertainment:

'PART ONE.

'COMMON-SENSE is a tolerably correct conception of common things. Possessed in a large degree, it amounts to sterling judgment; or with much nicety, like the touch in delicate fingers, it is called tact. Although readily recognized by ordinary people, it is by no means a common thing; otherwise, as PETER QUINN observes, there would not be so many family jars and so many unpleasant misunderstandings in the world. It is not distributed with a degree of impartiality, like bread, the staff of life, of which each man, rich or poor, manages, for the most part, to have a loaf a-day, and always plenty of it on his board. Idiots and fools have no sense at all; and, unfortunately, betwixt them and the magi—the philosophers—there is sometimes no gap, no gulf. One may soar among the planets, and calculate an eclipse with certainty; but when he comes down to smaller circles, lesser orbits and revolutions, which are governed by as sure laws, after all, where every *body* must have a certain space to move in, according to attraction, he is bumping his head, treading on toes, miscalculating his distance, forgetting his position; so that, although his almanac is unimpeachable, he is written down an ass.

'Others have this quality in some degree, and are not disposed, like the unfaithful steward, to hide their talent in a napkin; but by experience of the world, by many knocks and much attrition, their sharp edges are carried away, and they are rubbed down to a degree of polish. It is true, indeed, that they suffer in some degree but such small snubbings by the way-side of life are no injury to themselves and a great benefit to society. They blend better with the mass, on account of smoothness. 'Happy is that man,' saith the renowned TUPPER, in his '*SOLOMON Revised*,' 'who is not so wise as to refuse to correct his follies by the help of proverbial sayings.'

'Some few happen to be gifted with an innate propriety of things, and are Christianized from the cradle. These, it is supposed, cannot go amiss, so far as the amenities are considered—the little details of civilized life, which add so much to the sum total of human happiness. Favored class of men! born with a silver spoon in their mouths—not gold—for that represents perfection. 'Fight with silver weapons,' however, says the old Greek, 'and you will conquer the world.'

'PART TWO.

'THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

'THE man of the world, according to the idea which I form of him, and not regarding the title in the usual invidious pietistic sense, as distinguished from one who is too good to mix with people of the world, is a most valuable element in the social body, righting many mistakes, and by his 'ounce of precaution,' preventing many more. It is not necessary that he should be what is called a mere 'worldling,' cold and heartless, without depth of feeling or soundness of principle. He feels and thinks rightly, because he has been educated in the knowledge of men and things,

independently of books, or nooks of study or seclusion. He views the external landscape, defined in clearer outline than if seen from the eye-glass of a telescope, from the look-out of an observatory, or from the windows of a student's chamber. He has been a part of that moving scene of which some have only heard, others seen from a distance, and which others faintly imagine, and then reflect upon. He reasons *à posteriori*, because he is possessed of the facts and statistics of human nature. Hence his false prejudices are diminished; he makes allowances; he takes the world as he finds it, and does not strive to make it in all respects what he would have it. He respects diversities of men and diversities of opinions. He has some mercy for Jews, finds some honesty in Turks, condemns not heretics, and prays silently for all, including infidels. He is more apt to estimate things at their proper value, because he has had a better opportunity for comparison. His moderation is 'known to all men.' He apprehends, and is therefore less frequently misapprehended. He does not magnify trifles, nor trifle with magnitudes. He is free from pretence, and readily detects pretension. He is not caught off his guard. He knows when to retreat and advance — the times when and the places where. He tries to keep every body in good-humor. These are only a few of his accomplishments.

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'PART THREE.
ON SOCIALITY.

'HERMITS with long beards, living on dried fruits, and water from the spring, and leading a contemplative life in caves and grottoes, are no longer objects of interest to a bustling world. They are considered mere drones in the great beehive, and seldom make their appearance, even in a romance or novel. For poetry and piety have alike fled from the cell of the anchorite. No man liveth to himself now-a-days. Aceticism is unnatural and almost out of date. All the better. We need pillar-saints, but they must be pillars of society; not looking down from their aërial roosts on sandy deserts and ruins of a worn-out world, but on the newness and the freshness of a better social life. In God's universe nothing is isolated — not even islands. They are connected with the main land by coral highways beneath the waves. Pebble impinges on pebble, and aids the equipoise of the globe. And let it not be said that your solitary being does exercise an imperceptible influence; that his spirit, like pure æther, goes abroad. Grant that it does. It is among the upper and rarefied strata of airs which men cannot breathe without weeping out their natural blood. We cannot travel about in balloons, as has been well proved. The proper way to be above the world, at least for the present, is by taking a proper interest in its affairs — to be *in* it, and *of* it. This is not to be of the earth, earthy. We are to fulfill and to refine present relations, imbued (as they should be) with gentle and divine light, and not vainly seek to over-leap them in order to reach others. Let man, who is a little below the angels, not think to be on the same footing with them; as an angel of the 'first sphere,' only by doing the things of the first sphere, can reach the seventh heaven. 'Because thou art pious dost thou think there shall be no more cakes and ale?' The tendency of some religious teaching is to selfishness, which is most averse from the spirit of Christianity. Look out for your own immortal soul. Only be sure that thou art saved, and let all the rest of the world be damned.

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'PART FOUR.
ON BOOKS OF ETIQUETTE.

MANY productions on this subject, or science, if it deserves the name, have been given to the world, of late, to little purpose. No radical change has been pro-

duced, or can be, by such works. For a genuine benevolence, or good feeling which is the basis of all rules for conduct, is not even hinted at by their exquisite authors, much less can it be taught by them. They treat only of conventionalities, which are arbitrary or changing, and which are only valuable so far as they are founded on the dictates of common-sense; of the vapid customs of vapid society; of exterior disguises, and the thin varnish which is intended to deceive the eye. The tone in which they are written is cold and rakish; for to be cold and immovable is a part of the philosophy they instill. They treat of one's conduct at a funeral with as much *sang froid* as at a wedding, and of the subdued and pleasant tone in which, as they hold their mournful colleague by the arm, they may get away from grave subjects, and recur to fashion, nonsense, parties, or politics. Such as it is, moreover, their code of laws is traditionary and not written; a knowledge of it is insensibly imbibed, and never learned by rote. The most settled formulary must be varied or dropped entirely with occasion. It cannot be adapted accurately to any prescribed purpose. It has its shades and phases, and is informed by a spirit so subtle as to defy the outer man. It is not a thing of bows, and scrapes, and salutations; and its graces are as unattainable by the bad man as by the boor or the blockhead. He who would pin his faith to the sleeve of such MENTORS will be as one who makes use of words only as he finds their meaning in a dictionary. The essence of every act is the sentiment which inspires it. A dancing-master is a useful member of society, and a tailor more so; but the chief end of man is not to appear what perhaps he is not, but to make others happy. The paint may be well-applied to the cheek, but the heart is the fountain of rosy blushes.'

A PANTHER-HUNT IN KENTUCKY.—A Lexington correspondent, in the 'good old Kentucky State,' sends us the following 'random sketch of one of his many hunting adventures,' which will be found replete with the true sportsman-spirit. We shall be well pleased to hear from the writer again. He must be one of the veritable 'Hunters of Kentucky' that we used to read of (and sing of) in WOODWORTH'S popular song :

'In my winter-home in the tangled wilds of the far Arkansas, during the last months of 1852, I was revelling amid the hardy pleasures of a hunter's life, seeking, in the exciting and invigorating chase, to recruit a constitution impaired if not shattered by the dissipation of the preceding summer. Early one bright morning in November, cheerily wound my horn, as it summoned forth for the hunt the eager, high-bred pack, who burst from their kennels in tumultuous joy, making the old primeval woods ring with loud and deep-mouthed bayings. 'Old CROAT' was the leader and sire of more than half the pack. It seemed as if age had only steeled the wiry muscles of his long black form, and added a clearer and more sonorous tone to his ringing notes. And 'BEAUTY,' too, so named from her symmetrical and slender proportions, was without exception the most perfect model of the high-bred stag-hound I have ever beheld. Her thin, wide legs, deep chest, sharp, delicate muzzle, and bright, expressive eye, at once challenged admiration and proclaimed her 'Queen of the Canine Race.' And 'Old WARRIOR,' with privileged boldness, came up and rubbed his cold nose against my hand, as if to

show that, although his name was nobly earned from many a hard-fought battle, and his long, tan frame was seamed with many a scar, he was still 'the fleetest in the chase, the foremost in the fight.'

'Impatient at the delay of my faithful body-guard, JOHN, who was as fine a specimen of the Kentucky slave as one would wish to see — 'six feet in his socks,' and brave as a lion — I walked around to the stable to ascertain the cause of so unusual an occurrence. Reared from childhood in the arms of my 'boy,' I was attached to him by no common feelings, especially as he had twice saved my life at the risk of his own. He would have died without a murmur at my command; and it was no ordinary offence that could call forth for him an angry reproof. As I neared the stable, JOHN slowly led forth a magnificent black stallion, who pawed impatiently the earth, as if as eager as his master for the approaching chase. I turned toward the negro somewhat sternly, exclaiming:

'Where 's MEDORA? I ordered *her* — not ALP.'

'Deed Mass' FRANK,' said JOHN, 'I could not help it; but MEDORA 's got out and gone. I 'se been hunting her all night.'

The mare had escaped in the darkness, and made for the woods, and the poor fellow, knowing the explosion which must follow the announcement of her loss, had toiled the entire night in the vain attempt to recover her. In a burst of passion, I demanded:

'Which way did she go?'

'Up toward the clearing.'

'By Heavens! then she is gone! The panthers are as thick as ——. Quick! saddle your horse, and bring me my revolvers!'

'Just as the negro had disappeared on his errand, and I had mounted the impatient steed, my father, a hale old man of sixty, came to the cabin-door and asked:

'Where now, FRANK?'

'After MEDORA,' I replied: 'She 's out, and toward the clearing. The panthers may have her before now.'

'You had better take your rifle and dogs; you may *need* them.'

'No; I want my dogs fresh for the big buck, and my rifle will hinder me in riding through the brush.'

'Well! have your own way — but you may regret it.'

'But my blood was up, and JOHN just then handing me my 'Colt's, and mounting his horse, I dashed over the picket in the direction of the clearing. The clearing was a large bottom-tract, which had, some years before, been swept by fire, and was now covered with low, dense underwood, here and there dotted by a hardy old tree, half-burnt and gnarled, but defying alike the influence of fire and of time.

'After a few moments' hard riding, hearing an exclamation from the negro, I turned and saw, close at our heels, the three dogs, CROAT, WARRIOR, and BEAUTY. Struck by so unusual a breach of their training, and remembering my father's admonition, I cried out to JOHN:

'Let them alone: we may want them!'

'On nearing the outer edge of the clearing, ALP reared and snorted, while his glossy mane seemed to stand erect with fright. Straight before me lay the body of my matchless 'MEDORA,' but torn and bleeding with a wound in the neck, too plainly pointing out the perpetrator of her death. Yes, there she lay, drained of her life-blood by the hungry panther; she on whom I had so often skimmed the fashionable thoroughfares of the West, envied of my 'light-limbed barb'; she

who, twice within a day, had borne me over the rapid waters of the Mississippi; she with whom I would have shared my only crust, lay cold and dead. ALP bent down his head and snuffed the lacerated form, and then sent forth a shrill and piercing neigh, as if in sorrow for his peerless mate.

Understanding at a glance the cause of her death, grief gave place to a feeling of revenge, and wildly cheering the hounds, I swept on toward the wood, knowing that there the panther had crouched until evening, when it would again come forth to banquet on its slaughtered prey. The animals seemed to divine my feelings, and dashed madly on upon the warm and recent trail, while 'ALP' cleared with his tremendous bounds the brush and underwood with which the earth was covered.

'We had proceeded but a short distance when I beheld the panther's back, as he sprang over the impediments in his course as lightly as if they were only the long grass of the prairie. Twice did I attempt to wound him with my revolvers, but the distance was too great, and bitterly did I regret the absence of my rifle. Gaunt, and only rendered more savage by his taste of blood, the panther maintained his distance between us, although the dogs, mad with anger, woke the wild echoes of the deserted waste, till it seemed as if a thousand hounds were 'opening' on the trail. Eagerly I bent over 'ALP's neck, with a cocked revolver in each hand, and drove the spurs into his reeking sides; yet he needed not the incitement: the noble animal strained every nerve, and on we sped — 'torrents less rapid and less rash.' On we sped for more than an hour, while at every opportunity I sought to stop his mad career by a ball in the panther's back; yet only once had I drawn his blood, though all except one of my barrels had been fired.

'At last, wearied by this severe burst, the hunted animal 'treed' in a stumpy swamp oak, where the yet green leaves formed a cover not ten feet above the root. The negro, in this reckless race, had been 'doubly distanced,' and I was alone, with a single shot, to meet the most dreaded antagonist of the Southern forests. As I approached, still at full speed, I could distinguish his glaring eye-balls, as, crouched for his spring, he lay along the knotted limb, lashing with his long and tufted tail his reeking flanks. Maddened by excitement, and regardless of danger, I dashed within three paces of the infuriated animal, and throwing my horse upon his haunches, fired. Simultaneously with my shot, the panther made his leap, and the ball intended for his brain glanced from the surface of his rounded skull. In an instant he was upon me; but 'ALP,' true to his training, crouched at the report, and the baffled beast, missing his anticipated hold, seized me by the shoulder, and hung suspended, vainly attempting to gain secure footing upon my horse's sides. Throwing aside my discharged revolvers, I drew a heavy 'Bowie-knife,' my constant companion, and, in the hands of a determined man, the most effective weapon in the world. Rapidly sheathing its broad blade several times in his body, I forced the beast to loose his grip, and he fell to the ground, although having as yet received no deadly wound.

'My brave dogs were upon him in an instant; but the slight, symmetrical form of 'BEAUTY' was ill-suited to such a contest; and before I could leap from my saddle, she was quivering in the agonies of death. Furious with pain, and at the death of my two favorites, I sprang into the midst of the struggle, and seizing the panther by the throat, buried my knife in his heart, until the last convulsive quiver told that life had fled. With the assistance of 'JOHN,' who had just arrived, I removed his tawny and spotted skin, and dressed, as well as possible under the circumstances, my wounds upon the shoulder, consisting of several deep cuts, some inches long, laying the flesh open to the bone, they having penetrated through my buck-skin hunting-shirt.

Slowly and sadly I retraced my homeward way, mourning the double loss of both my favorite beasts, and weakened by great loss of blood and the extreme tension of every nerve, through high excitement. A negro was dispatched to bring in the bodies, and I buried them both beneath a mighty cotton-wood upon the banks of the great 'Father of Waters.' The panther's skin is now my saddle-cloth; but it needs not its frequent sight to remind me of my peerless pair. I have since possessed many animals; but those at whose grave I shed a heart-felt tear, stand yet preëminent amid their kind. In the happy hunting-grounds of the spirit-land I hope again to remount my fleet 'MEDORA,' and cheer my matchless hound in the wild and joyous madness of the thrilling chase.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—Another letter from 'Camp Comfort,' and a capital one. Contrast the life and spirit of these natural summer-sketches with some of the feeble-feminine 'jottings' you encounter in these latter days, and when the difference is found, 'make a note of it':

'Camp Comfort, Chateaugay Lake.

'MOST sincerely do I pity you, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, and all others whom necessity compels to remain in hot and dusty cities, such weather as this; but from the bottom of my heart I pity those slaves of fashion, who fill our crowded watering-places and country resorts, simply because it is fashionable to be there; who live to dress, flirt, dance, and roll ten-pins! I have been through it all, and I tell you that five years of such a life is not worth one day in the forest. I wonder if the young men who flock to such places, think there is no higher aim in life than to drink sherry-cobblers, brandy cock-tails, and mint-juleps? Is there nothing worthy of their ambition but to dance the polka, smoke segars, and wear unexceptionable white kids and patent leathers? I venture to say there's not one of them who can handle my rifle as well as I can myself, and do half the execution with it. Their unsteady nerves would hardly enable them to bring down a bird upon the wing. Well, I pity them; and you, too, poor girls, who are dependent on them for amusement. When the last polka is finished, the last 'good-night' whispered; when you retire to your rooms, and take the withered flowers from your hair, and stand by the open window, that the cool night-breezes may blow upon your heated brows, does it never occur to you that you are trifling away your existence? Do you never long to be away from all the forms and restraints of fashion, in God's beautiful world, to roam in freedom over the mountains, and wander through the fields? Well, I used to, when I was a girl. Many a night, after leaving a ball-room, where I had been courted, followed, and flattered, (for I was a belle in my young days,) I have sat at my window, looking up at the stars, and instead of thinking of my beaux, as doubtless many of them flattered themselves I was doing, I was musing upon the silly life I was leading, and wishing to be away from it all, off in the wild woods, away from the trammels of society and fashion; and my heart longed for another heart which should cherish and prize it — a real heart, a manly heart; in fact, something quite different from the spurious articles which pass current in our ball-rooms. Well, after years of search, thinking I had succeeded, and finding

myself mistaken, and when life was beginning to look dull to me for the want of it, I accidentally discovered just the one I wanted, and it too had been a wanderer in search of its other half — the owner having carried it round the world with him, quite unconscious of its value till the moment of its loss; but I believe we both rejoice at the happy chance which led my wandering steps among the green hills of — I declare I came near telling you a secret! and upon my word, I believe I have written you something of a love-story.

'Well, here I am at last — here in the boundless wilderness. I wonder how a New-York dandy would relish the life I am leading. Sleeping with my hammock slung under a tree on pleasant nights! Oh! how beautiful it is to look up at the stars through the leaves; they seem to be nearer to us and more beautiful than they do in the city. Then in the morning, I am up before the sun; and how delightful that morning air is! — so sweet and pure. The little birds hopping from branch to branch, and the squirrels chirping merrily, seem to rejoice in the birth of a new day.

'I brush the dew from the wild flowers on my way to the lake for my morning's bath, and that lovely lake lies before me like a dew-drop among the mountains. I doubt if its clear surface ever reflected the face of a white woman till that of your humble servant cast its shadows thereon. I often find a blue heron performing his ablutions in the same sequestered spot where I take my bath; he does not seem the least afraid of me, but with a bend of his long, aristocratic neck, walks off with a quiet dignity. My bath accomplished, I return to the camp, where all is now bustle and activity. My appearance is greeted with a smile and kind words from all. One sturdy woodsman suspends his attack upon a gigantic tree, which he is fast converting into fuel for the camp fire, to inquire after my health, while another wants to know if I intend to join the hunt to-day? 'Certainly, my friend, by all means;' and I pass on to the cabin, where I am greeted cheerfully by the gentlemen, who have by this time assembled in search of breakfast. Our preparations for this meal are hasty, as we have no time to lose — the scent lies best while the dew is on the ground; and a true hunter cares more for his game than his breakfast. However, I always manage to have a cup of good coffee, in the manufacture of which I flatter myself I excel. With that and a bit of cold venison and a cracker, we are content.

'By the time the sun is half-an-hour high, we are ready to step into our boats, and be off to our different stations. There is a slight mist still hanging over the water and wreathed about the mountain-tops. The old hunters declare it to be 'just the morning for a drive,' and we start off in fine spirits, but as quietly as possible. When each one has reached his appointed run-way, the hounds are put out, and then the excitement begins. What straining of ears to detect the slightest sound which could warn us of the deer's approach! Sometimes we are obliged to wait a couple of hours, and no noise disturbs the silence of the woods, save the drumming of a partridge, or the barking of a fox. Then again before we have waited half-an-hour, the baying of the hounds announce that they have struck a track. Listen! — it comes this way, nearer and nearer! Cock your rifle, look to your caps — steady! — wait till you see his antlers; then fire! Ah! he is down on his fore-legs — a noble buck — but quick as thought he is up again; one more bound and he falls on his side; a few quick-drawn breaths, a quivering of his limbs, and he is dead! The hounds soon make their appearance, and walk up to him with a triumphant air, and then, as though struck with compassion, begin to lick his lifeless limbs. The sound of the rifle has by this time brought the other hunters from their run-ways; the deer is drawn to the lake-shore, his throat cut, his size

discussed, bets made on his weight; then he is placed in a boat and dispatched to the camp.

‘The hunt is up’ for that day, the dinner hour agreed on, and the party separate, each one to pursue his own amusements. One starts off into the woods after rabbits, partridges, and other small game; one goes to the narrows after wild-fowl, (ducks, geese, etc.,) others to sit in the shade and talk philosophy and dream day-dreams: and I to write letters to you, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER.

J. K. L.

Thank you: ‘keep on doing so.’ - - - We are in a state of ‘bother.’ Who is our friend who writes us the following from Wall-street? We have been cudgelling our brains for an hour, trying to find out, with the assistance of Dame Knick., and all to no purpose. Are ‘K. Y.’ his initials? If yea, we can’t ‘place’ him, although we remember the night he mentions, and the storm that drenched us, and ‘would not cease at our bidding’:

‘Wall-street, Dec. 27, 1854.

‘Do you remember, Knick., the night we spent at H. L. P——’s house, now some twelve years ago, where a mild and flavorful whiskey-punch and ‘fixings’ had their hour with books, men and manners? No?

‘Well, ‘P—— is a parson’ in S——, California; and I, after sundry wanderings from Zembla to Peru, am landed on your shores again — a lawyer with little practice. ‘So runs the world away;’ and you, dear Knick., still occupy the chair of our beloved DISDRICH. Friar BACON’s Brazen Head well uttered its ‘Time was, Time is, and Time shall be.’ Who, of us three, could then have foretold the destiny of either? That you should still be, as ‘Old Knick.,’ among our Lares and Penates, would have required little divination; but who, save a ‘*mejum*’ of forty-horse power, could have predicted for P—— a parson’s fate in El Dorado, or have followed my devious way around the Horn, through the Islands, in ‘farther Ind,’ or in the Golden Land? Who could foretell that, some day, I should again perch on Gotham, like some weary land-bird, blown far to sea, resting on a yard-arm homeward bound; that I should be once more ‘cabined, cribbed, confined’ to a bird-cage of an office in the seventh heaven of Wall-street?

‘Ah! Knick., we lawyers see strange things in life; and we that ‘go down to the sea in ships.’

‘What! Do n’t know me yet?

‘That night we were thinking about, do n’t you remember that you and I started home together from H—— street; whiskey-punch, sobriety, and an umbrella forming our body-guard. A sweet night it was, and peculiar to the climate of ‘dear, delicious, dirty New-York.’ It rained, hailed, and snowed ‘at its own sweet will,’ as Mr. WORDSWORTH’S verse has it; so that there was a fine substratum of ice on the pavement, and an ice-lemonade coming down, which made the foot-hold sure. Your umbrella soon gave out, or rather, we gave it up; and the long walk between H—— street and your residence was ‘*sub Jove Pluvio*.’

From what our friend goes on to say, we are led to believe that he ‘marked with a white stone’ the pleasant evening we passed that night at the sanctum; and we are right glad that he so remembers it; for, aside from the agreeable reminiscences with which he favors us, he sends us an original ‘class-song,’ (a ‘first-class’ song it is, too,) written by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, when a member of the ‘Class of ‘Twenty-nine,’ at Harvard. ‘A copy of it,’ adds our mysterious friend, ‘was sent to ELBRIDGE GERRY AUSTIN, to whom an allusion is made, where they send ‘to yonder peaceful ocean’ their full-hearted song, and dear GERRY gave me a copy to use as I pleased. Poor AUSTIN died last sum-

mer at Nahant. I loved him, and mourn his loss, and would be glad to see published words which show how one I was fondly attached to was esteemed by those who knew him well:'

'THE summer dawn is breaking
On Auburn's tangled bowers,
The golden light is waking
On Harvard's ancient towers;
The sun is in the sky
That must see us do or die,
Ere it shine on the line
Of the class of 'Twenty-Nine.

'At last the day is ended,
The tutor screws no more;
By doubt and fear attended,
Each hovers round the door,
Till the good old Præses cries,
While the tears stand in his eyes,
'You have passed and are classed
With the boys of 'Twenty-Nine.'

'Not long are they in making
The college halls their own,
Instead of standing shaking,
Too bashful to be known;
But they kick the seniors' shins,
Ere the second week begins,
When they stray in the way
Of the boys of 'Twenty-Nine.

'If a jolly set is trolling
The last *Der Freischütz* airs,
Or a 'cannon-bullet' rolling
Comes bouncing down the stairs;
The tutors, looking out,
Sigh, 'Alas! there is no doubt
'Tis the noise of the boys
Of the class of 'Twenty-Nine.'

'Four happy years together,
By storm and sun-shine tried,
In changing wind and weather,
They rough it side by side;
Till they hear their mother cry,
'You are fledged and you must fly.'
And the bell tolls the knell
Of the days of 'Twenty-Nine.

'Since then, in peace or trouble,
Full many a year hath rolled,
And life has counted double
The days that then we told;
Yet we'll end as we've begun,
For though scattered, we are one,
While each year sees us here,
Round the board of 'Twenty-Nine.

'Though fate may throw between us
The mountains or the sea,
No time shall ever wean us,
No distance set us free;
But around the yearly board,
When the foaming pledge is poured,
It shall claim every name
On the roll of 'Twenty-Nine.

'To yonder peaceful ocean,
That glows with sun-set fires,
Shall reach the warm emotion
This welcome day inspires;
Beyond the ridges cold,
Where a brother toils for gold,
Till it shine through the mine,
Round the boy of 'Twenty-Nine.

'If one whom fate has broken
Shall lift a moistened eye,
We'll say, before he's spoken,
'Old class-mate don't you cry;
Here, take the purse I hold,
There's a tear upon the gold;
It was mine — it is thine:
Ain't we boys of 'Twenty-Nine?'

'As nearer still and nearer
The fatal stars appear,
The living shall be dearer
With each encircling year;
Till a few old men shall say,
'We remember, 'tis the day,
Let it pass with a glass
For the class of 'Twenty-Nine.

'As one by one is falling
Beneath the leaves or snows,
Each memory still recalling,
The broken ring shall close;
Till the night-winds softly pass
O'er the green and growing grass,
Where it waves o'er the graves
Of the boys of 'Twenty-Nine.'

HOLMES, 'all over!' - - - THE subjoined passage, from a very spicy description of the appearance of THOMAS MOORE, when he visited Ireland, while in the zenith of his fame, is introduced here, for the purpose of contrasting it with another specimen of '*Irish Free-and-Easy-ism*,' which occurred many years before, and in the case of what is termed in 'Ould Erin' more 'exalted circles:'

'He was accompanying Lord and Lady LANSDOWNE on a visit to his Lordship's estates at Kerry, and on the quay, at Cork, there was quite a crowd to see the poet. As you well know, MOORE dresses with peculiar neatness, and looked that morning, I think, particularly well in his smart white hat, kid gloves, brown frock-coat, yellow cassimere waistcoat, gray duck trowsers, and blue silk handkerchief, carelessly secured in front by a silver-pin; he carried a boat-cloak on one arm, and walked with a brown silk umbrella, for which, however, he had no requirement, as the morning was bright, balmy, and beautiful. Yet in the assembled crowd — for it literally was so, to witness the embarkation — there was a general feeling of disappointment: 'That's he, the little chap, talking to big JACOB MARK,' the American Consul at Cork, who had married a Miss Godfrey. 'Well, to be sure, if that's *all* of him, what lies they do be telling about poets! Sure I thought I'd come out to see a great giant, as big as O'BRIEN, at any rate: for was n't RODERICK O'CONNOR roaring and bawling through all the streets last night that the *Great Poet* had come among us from foreign parts?' 'Oh! then RODERICK was drunk, sure enough.' 'Well, 'tis a darling little pet, at any rate.' 'Be dad, *isn't* he a dawny creature, and does n't he just look like one of the '*good people*'?' 'Well, any how, God speed them!' And these various opinions resolved themselves only into a faint cheer, as MOORE stepped on board the boat.'

So much for MOORE: and for *more* about MOORE, read his letters to POWER, his music-publisher for more than a quarter of a century. See a late number

of the KNICKERBOCKER. It is a pity that it is true; but, as we have said, the poet seems no longer the MOORE of our imagination, after reading these letters. But all this aside. Probably the Dublin audience at the pier where MOORE landed was not unlike the same Dublin audience that welcomed, for the first time, a new Lord and Lady-Lieutenant to the chief theatre of the gay Irish capital, on a previous occasion, 'as very faithfully narrated at the time:'

'PAT MOONEY!' shouts a voice in the gallery, 'can you see him?'

'I can,' says Pat.

'Wall, what's *he* like?'

'Oh! mighty like a grazier, or middle-man. An-ny way, he's got a good long nose of his own.'

'Loud laughter follows this, in which his Lordship himself cannot help joining.

'VOICE: 'Does he look good-natured?'

'PAT MOONEY: 'Well, he *does*—and enjoys a joke too, (HEAVEN bless him!) like a gentleman, as he is!'

'VOICE: 'Thin we won't have to sind him back.'

'PAT MOONEY: 'Bedad, no—I do n't think we will: we might get a *worse*! They say he's mighty generous, and means to spind his money free, like a prince!'

'Bravo! bravo!—we'll *keep* him, thin; we'll keep him! Three cheers for the Lord-Lieutenant!'

'VOICE: 'Well, and what's *she* like, Pat?'

'PAT MOONEY: 'Oh! *nothing* in particular. *She'd* not frighten a horse.'

'Roars of laughter, in which her Ladyship joins.

'VOICE: 'Is she tall?'

'PAT MOONEY: 'Wait till she stands up.'

'VOICE: 'May-be she's stout?'

'PAT MOONEY: 'Bedad, you may say *that*. It isn't the likes o' *her* that lives on butter-milk.'

'VOICE: 'Do you think *she's* good-natured?'

'PAT MOONEY: 'Oh! I'll ingage she is: she's got the raäl blood into her, an' plinty ov it.'

'MANY VOICES: 'She'll do, thin, Pat, won't she?'

'PAT MOONEY: 'Och! she will—she will! I'll ingage *that* for her Ladyship.'

'MANY VOICES: 'We may keep her, then, may we?'

'PAT MOONEY: 'Oh! the longer the better; the longer the better! It's her Ladyship that'll speak the good word for the man that's in throuble, and never let the dacent woman want that's in the sthraw, God bless her!'

'GALLERY: 'Bravo! bravo!—three cheers for the *Lady-Lieutenant*!'

'PAT MOONEY, (*seeing the Lord Mayor*.): 'Me sowl to ye, DAN FINNIGAN!—is that *you*?'

'PAT MOONEY: 'Faix, an' it's good for the likes of us to see you down there among the ginty, DAN FINNIGAN.'

'A loud laugh, in which his Lordship does not very cordially join, for the Lord Mayor is in *his* dignified company.

'Och!' continues PAT, 'you need n't look up so sour at us: man-ny's the good time you've sat up here yourself; you *know* it, ye owld vinegar-bottle!'

'VOICE: 'Sure the world's gone well wid *you*, an-ny way, DAN FINNIGAN: ye had n't them white kid gloves —'

'PAT MOONEY: 'No, nor that grand cocked hat there —'

'VOICE: 'No, nor that white wand, ye cormorant!—when you kept the chandler-shop, and cheated MIKE KELLEY out of a farden's worth o' pipes and —'

'GALLERY: 'Ah! ha! DAN FINNIGAN! who cheated MIKE KELLEY?'

'Great confusion, during which the orchestra strikes up, and the irregular colloquy is ended.'

'Free and easy,' we should say, for 'aristocratic ears!' - - - ONE of our Western farmers, being very much annoyed last summer by his best sow breaking into the corn-field, search was instituted in vain for a hole in the rail-fence. Failing to find any, an attempt was next made to drive out the animal by the same way of her entrance; but of course without success. The owner then resolved to watch her proceedings; and posting himself at night in a fence-corner, he saw her enter at one end of a hollow log, outside

the field, and emerge at the other end, within the inclosure. 'Eureka!' cried he, 'I have you now, old lady!' Accordingly, he proceeded, after turning her out once more, to so arrange the log (it being very crooked) that both ends opened on the outside of the field. The next day, the animal was observed to enter at her accustomed place, and shortly emerge again. 'Her astonishment,' says our informant, 'at finding herself in the same field whence she had started is *too* ludicrous to be described! She looked this way and then that, grunted her dissatisfaction, and finally returned to the original starting-place; and after a deliberate survey of matters, to satisfy herself that it was all right, she again entered the log. On emerging yet once more on the wrong side, she evinced even more surprise than before, and turning about, retraced the log in an opposite direction. Finding this effort likewise in vain, after looking long and attentively at the position of things, with a short, angry grunt of disappointment, and perhaps fear, she turned short round, and started off on a brisk run; nor could either coaxing or driving ever after induce her to visit that part of the field.' She seemed to have a 'superstition' concerning the spot.' - - - 'THE following feeling lines,' writes 'RICHARD HAYWARDE' to the EDITOR, 'were handed me with a request that I would give them to you. The subject will explain itself: true, too true, unhappily; but the very day-spring of poetry often wells up from dark and bitter experience:'

'L I N E S

'ADDRESSED TO ONE WHO WILL BEST UNDERSTAND THEM.

'On! the thoughts I cannot fether,
Often as they turn to thee!
Thousand times, yea thousands, better
Were't I had not met with thee.

'I had won thee—I have lost thee;
I've had time to think upon
What my winning thee has cost me—
What by losing thee I've won.

'Canst thou live, and keep thy reason,
When our babes thou think'st upon?
Guileless victims of thy treason—
Are they living?—are they gone

'To implore the grace of HEAVEN
On their cruel Mother's head?
Pray that she may be forgiven,
Who, though living, still is dead:

'Dead to sense of love and honor,
Virtue, truth, and woman's pride:
Careless that the stain upon her
From the world she cannot hide.

'December 1, 1854.

'Do their smiling little faces
Never haunt thee in thy dream?
Canst thou yet recall their traces?
Do they still *our* children seem?

'When at eve they round me gather,
Oft they come with saddened brow,
Asking: 'Won't you tell us, father,
Where—oh! *where*—is Mother now?

'Why sends Mamma me no letter?
Can she have her child forgot?
Papa, think'st I could forget her,
If for years I saw her not?

'What can I for answer give them?
Would I dare their hearts to break?
Of their peace should I bereave them,
Whom a *Mother* could forsake?

'Thou hast filled my cup with sadness;
They thus make it overflow;
But in *thee* 't was wilful madness,
While *they* 'know not what they do!'

S. S.

'There spoke a broken heart!' - - - LOOKING out upon the half-frozen Tappaän-Zee, its mile-long cakes of ice moving slowly and solemnly down with the tide—some of them marked with the sleigh-tracks of broken-up ice-ferries farther up the river, beyond the Highlands—a warm, thick snow meanwhile falling—we take up '*The Sentiment of Snow*,' by a new corre-

spondent, and find some spiritual 'correspondence' between us. A little too much of the '*Uimæ-labor*,' at the first outset, perhaps, but presently drawing as evenly and naturally between the traces as 'Young KNICK,' toiling this moment up the long hill with his '*Snow-Bird*' cutter. Our correspondent shall be heard in part:

'MORNING is the time when bursts upon the mind full floods of winter influences. You scrape a place on the frost-covered window-pane with the handle of your razor, and your quickened eye-sight goes issuing out thereat, skipping over intervening fences by the assistance of graduated drifts, and you feel glad, as if for the first time you had seen NATURE in her ball-dress of white and spangles. How you almost want to forget your manhood, and give one long *squeal*, (as boys sometimes do if they are suddenly made too ecstatically happy for boy-endurance,) when your ear catches the merry clinking of new steel-shovels, like concerts of many-toned triangles, played skillfully; and how you burn to rush out, and seizing a shovel from the nearest dilatory worker, do nothing henceforth but toss about in wild delight the fleecy purity! But ah! you tried it last year; and 'cricks in the back' are not forgotten so easily as authors of poor men's plasters think.

'It is a busy time! In stable-yards, old-looking black boys, in cat-skin caps, with ear-tabs to them, whistle airs from '*Semiramis*,' while they sew together long pieces of almost unmatchable trace-leather 'for tandems.' The oldest hostler, grim and wearing mutton-leg whiskers, curiously winds new white straw about the skeletons of old crockery-crates, and smiles as he contemplates the superior comfort of their homeliness over that of the more comely and aristocratic 'droskeys,' while 'the boss,' with impatient fever on his lip, rummages in dusty lofts—where for years broods of peaceful pigeons have 'wooded and won' and gone to their quiet rest, undisturbed by any thing more alarming than the wind-stirred waving of graceful cob-web drapery festooned about their nests—after old thills and runners, which he knows are there, and which he finally recollects having sold last July during an unusual state of excitement, brought about by the extreme heat of the weather, and an injudicious discussion of the Maine law. Rough-talking rail-road-men, in high and shiny India-rubber boots, run up and down 'the track' with lanterns and scarlet-flags in their hands, and they shout orders about 'couplings' and 'switches' and 'hot-boxes,' until the waiting passengers almost swear with disappointment and cold; and still no mail-train with screaming whistle comes, although it is quite noon, and students standing in the post-office in the next street, wonder if their letters with 'remittances' will *ever* come. Servant-maids, their noses purple with frost and anger, tinker away down area-stairs, with diminutive fire-shovels and tongs to match, at huge heaps of snow, which a charitable snow-cleaner, belonging to the 'regular force,' has just said *he* could not dare to estimate the expense of removing, 'it is so much!' Stern, solid men are caught and nearly smothered by avalanches from steep roofs, as they go peacefully along the way with well-stuffed bank-books in their hands; and one poor NEWMAN NOGGS of a fellow has his only eye shut up for the day by a falling icicle.

'Snow brings dear pictures of repose. Farmers in long garments, with the ends of their whip-stalks pushed deep down in their pockets, try to look as if the symmetrically-piled wood, which no one but a farmer with such a team, (four sleepy oxen, with ice all over their mouths, and one old horse with his tail full of burs,) could ever engineer so close to the curb-stone, was not for sale at all, but was only waiting, as for an old custom well kept; and lazy porters lean on walls which have a southward side.

'It has a Christmas meaning! I see a pleasant group of young men, with their sweet-hearts, standing under the open arch-way of a Gothic church. An old bronze lamp swings from the wainscoted roof, its heavy chains creaking and rattling a little dolefully, while the happy and healthy company below laugh and talk, as they braid together cypress and ever-green. One little girl, with a pale face and prayer-book in her hand, stands quietly alone; for she is thinking of HIM whose love and gentleness was preached to little children not less than to those grown old and wise in earthly and

spiritual success. Some one within, more gifted than the rest, touches softly the organ-keys, and as if rich blessings were in the grand old melody, it seems to float above and rest upon their heads!

'Now the night has come, and the stars are being read by readers of stars; and from a distant place, which some time or other all of us must visit, there sounds a long, sad wail, as if the immortal angels cried to each other from across far-separated time and space, sad farewells of wretchedness and pain; and I know where the broken whiteness in the grave-yard marks his resting-place, who on earth had a faithful dog for his friend, and who will be waited for in faithfulness and trust by his humble follower until the end.

'I am invited to a ride behind the most musical string of silver-bells you ever heard, and I am a-going.'

'All right:' a pleasant time to you! - - - Our friend 'C. B. S.' is informed that '*Mountjoy*,' by GEOFFREY CRAYON, was professedly a 'fragment of biography.' It was written at the same time that the papers in the 'Sketch-Book' were penned, and was transplanted into the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER from a trunk in which it had reposed for seventeen years. '*John Biggs*,' however, is bound to give us his whole story, and he will 'set about it straight.' As touching 'RICHARD HAYWARDE,' who built a 'story' or more of '*The Stone House on the Susquehanna*,' we have only to say, in the language of Scripture, '*This man began to build, and was not able to finish.*' Perhaps his 'lumber' gave out! - - - POOR WILLIAM NORTH! We must not permit him to pass away, without one word to his memory, in pages which he has illuminated by many a gem of rhythmical art, and not a few prose compositions of no ordinary merit. He died, as our readers know, by poison, administered with his own hand. In the brief note which he left behind him, he avowed his full belief in the arguments of a work which he had published in London, called '*The Infinite Republic: a Spiritual Revolution.*' Of this work he gave us a copy; and we present below a few passages from it, which will indicate its peculiar character:

'WITH regard to the true nature of matter, it is evident that either matter and thought are two names for one substance, or relation, or combination of relations between substances, (that is, between indivisible and primitive things, spiritual entities, living centres, or by whatever other name we may call ourselves and our sentient companions in existence,) or that matter is something actually distinct from thought, and subject only to be modified, and transformed, and governed by the said spirits. For what we call the *vis inertiae*, or innate power of resistance in matter, is a mere chimera, and result of our own slowness of thought, invention, volition. Every day we are subjecting and triumphing over this imaginary opponent. *Our will dominates it absolutely, as soon as harmoniously exerted. The creation of a fleet or a railroad is as much the result of simple spiritual volition as the raising of an arm or the winking of an eye-lid.* To say that organic or living matter sprang, or springs originally from inorganic or lifeless matter, is a monstrous suggestion; and it will be found on reflection that Motion or Life, springing from the inert Lifeless, is an idea in no way differing from Something being born of Nothing, which is absolutely inconceivable. Again, organic or living matter without volition, is as difficult to imagine, or justify by reason, as the supposition above made; for what motive or active cause can be conceived without sensation, what sensation without some distinction of sensation, what distinction without preference, what preference without some notion of pleasing and displeasing, what that distinguishes pleasing and displeasing without desire, and what desire without the will to gratify it? Hence we are driven to conclude that volition is the basis of existence, and as volition or primitive motion has no meaning but the desire of individual enjoyment, that personal beings are the primary elements and sole true ultimate atoms of the Infinite; for an inorganic lifeless universe could never generate change, motion, or life, or in any way alter its inert and everlasting nothingness; and an organic world without volition can only be imagined as a chaos of inconsistent confusion, the sport of utter chance, and destitute of all progressive principle, reason, beauty, or interest;

in a word, an absurdity unworthy of speculative contemplation for an instant. It is impossible to separate volition from matter. *If, weary of this life, and of difficulties that appear insurmountable, we say, 'I will die,' we can, in an instant, shake off the whole perplexing train of ideas, just as when we wake in the morning, we shake off a nightmare.*

'Is not matter indestructible in thy system? May there not be a *material* something in thy brain which may preserve thy being in its advancing progress? What is death? What quits the frame so marvellously changed? Dost thou know any thing of matter? Are microscopes yet perfect, or imponderable invisible fluids understood in all their potencies? How far hast thou penetrated the capacity of substance? What fancies hast thou formed of its ultimate constituents? its infinite divisibility, its cohesion or attraction, its uniform or multifarious nature?

'Brother in thought, thou hast eternal science before thee, and thou drest of eternal death. Thou hast in thee the longing and the passion to know all, and thou art content to disappear ridiculously in boundless ignorance! Verily, thou bearest much resemblance to a baby crying for the moon!

'Yet, surely as that baby shall one day behold the moon and its wonders through some mighty telescope, shalt thou realize the desires and defeat the illusions of thy craving spirit. If the poets and philosophers can teach thee nothing, seek even in the details of science for the faith which is wanting to thee. Dive deeper, deeper into the matter thou hast glanced at timidly and superficially, for truth is everywhere, and is glorious in every form.'

'ALL operations of the mind are, in their highest and purest sense, the relations of one spirit to all other spirits of the Infinite.

'For as in the idea of water, air, or any description of fluid, the motion of one particle involves the motion of all particles of the said fluid; so, in the change, motion, action of each individual spiritual centre, is involved the sympathetic action of all other centres.

'These spiritual centres, points, or foci of perception, are the only real and absolute existences, and necessarily so; because any description of entity, irrespective of sentient beings, (commonly called spirits,) would be utterly inconsistent with reason, which teaches us that all properties of what is ordinarily termed matter, are but relations between an unknown substance and ourselves. This unknown substance, which has been the mysterious tormenter of all thinkers up to the present moment, is destitute of all intrinsic properties, except that of affecting the perceptions of living spirits.

'But as all effects result primitively from spiritual volition, the source of all motion and change, this unknown substance can only be the infinite host of spirits themselves, floating, as it were, in the ether of sympathetic relations, that is, thoughts, sensations, and phenomena, or material forms.

'Therefore we conclude that nothing really exists but living beings and their relations.'

NORTH was in our publication-office the day before he laid violent hands upon himself. He chatted with us for some time; spoke encouragingly of his prospects, and especially of the probable success of a new work which the BROTHERS LONG had in press. We bade him 'good-bye' at the door, and in less than twenty-four hours he had 'solved the great mystery!' 'Nothing (in *this* life) can touch him further.' - - - A CORRESPONDENT in Ottawa county, Michigan, from whom we are always glad to hear, gives us the following '*Scene in the Mayor's Court at Grand Rapids*,' Mayor CHURCH presiding. Witness called up to be sworn by the clerk:

'CLERK: 'You do solemnly swear —'

'MAYOR, (*with dignity*;) 'Stop! The witness will hold up his right hand.'

'CLERK: 'The man *has* no right hand, your Honor.'

'MAYOR, (*with some asperity*;) 'Let him hold up his *left* hand, then.'

'CLERK: 'He has had the misfortune to lose his left hand *also*, as your Honor will perceive.'

'MAYOR, (*savagely*;) 'Tell him to hold up his right *leg*, then; a man cannot be sworn in this court *without holding up something*! Silence, gentlemen! Our dignity must be preserved!' (Witness sworn on one leg.)'

Was that 'swearing,' or 'affirming?' - - - Is not the following very simple, melodious, tender? It has just reached us, almost wet from the pen of our friend 'RICHARD HAYWARDE:'

'Summer Friends.

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

'WHEN Spring the fields in daisies dressed,
And flushed the woods with maple buds,
I spied a little blue-bird's nest
Within a cedar's branchy studs.

'Its old gray grass, inlaid with hair,
The summer's sun had withered up,
And autumn's acorns still were there,
Though snows had brimmed its tiny cup:

'What then? I heard a pilgrim hymn;
And half forgave the long neglect,
When perched upon the threshold rim
A little feathered architect.

'And straw by straw the walls he wrought,
And hair by hair the floor he spread;
And when his blue-bird wife he brought,
They slept within the nuptial bed.

'Oh! how I loved my pranksome guest!
For him I loved his help-mate too;
With jealous care I fenced their nest,
And watched them as they sang or flew.

'So April passed; and gentle May
Went murmuring by with leaves and bees;
And two small blue-winged chicks had they
When summer broadened on the trees.

'My very solitude had made
That tiny household seem more sweet;
And often to the bank I strayed
To watch the nestlings chirp and eat.

'But when the palsied autumn came,
And shook the boughs, and bared the wood,
I scarce the feathered brood could blame,
Though void their puny wigwam stood:

'For summer friends had come like these,
Like these the summer friends had flown;
When stormy winter stripped the trees,
They left the cold and me alone.'

Read these lines aloud, and listen. - - - THAT 'there are none so deaf as those who *will not hear*,' is an old saying, pleasantly illustrated in the case of the well-known ANDREW JACKSON ALLEN, a maker of gold and silver leather for actors to 'strut their brief hour upon the stage,' and attract admiration in. ANDREW had an impediment in his speech. He used to say that his 'dose was stopp'd up all the tibe,' and that he 'could't rebecbber the tibe whed he could prodoudee ady thi'g that had ad *eb* or ad *ed* id it.' On one occasion, a manager by the name of REED sought ALLEN in the mid-watches of the night, to complain of the conduct of a juvenile *protégé* of his, who on the stage of his theatre, during the representation of the play of *Blue-Beard*, had by sundry and divers annoyances, caused the camel upon

which he, as 'ABOMELIQUE,' was seated, to kick ruthlessly, threatening thereby the dignified equilibrium which he was obliged, in a true representation of the character, strictly to keep up. He now demanded redress, in a tone of ferocity becoming the character. The following scene ensued:

'ANDREW received him with a smile almost angelical:

'Co'be id — co'be id: glad to see you, DAD.'

'His first name was DANIEL, and his *soubriquet* 'DAN,' 'for shortness.'

'I've been looking after your precious scamp of a boy,' burst forth 'DAN,' adding, with wolf-like ferocity, 'if I had *found* him ten minutes ago, I'd have spitted him like a lark! He is, incomparably, the worst little devil in the universe — that boy!'

'Glad you *like* him!' answered ALLEN. 'I *tho'd* you would. Co'bes frob Halifax. He's got a bother ad a sister. A good boy.'

'I tell you,' said the manager, making a tube of his hand, and roaring it into ANDREW'S ear, 'that your boy is a precious rascal. He made my camel k-i-c-k!'

'Yes, yes,' answered ALLEN; 'takes good care of the adibals — loves 'eb; the cabel, particularly. He cad bake him do ady thi'g he wa'd'ts!'

'Is n't it enough,' continued the manager, 'that I am forced to expose my life to the tender mercies of that proverbially ferocious animal, during the run of 'Blue-Bear'd,' without being exposed to the effects of his *stimulated* ferocity? I think the interests of the public would be promoted by the *removal* of that boy.'

'Thad'k you!' said ALLEN, shaking hands with the great ABOMELIQUE; 'glad you've i'dterested yourself id him, a'd are willi'g to help him alo'g. I'll tell his bother ad his sister: *they* 'll be glad to hear it, too. Good boy; co'bes frob Halifax!'

'But I tell you ——'

'Do batter about it, dow — you *like* him, a'd that's edough. Take so'bething, DAD?'

'And this was an invitation which the great tyrant was rarely known to resist; so he smothered his indignation and walked up to the bar; for the whole scene took place in a tavern immediately adjoining the theatre.

'Good dight, DAD,' said ANDREW, after the 'drink' was achieved; 'I'b glad you like the boy. He's got a bother a'd a sister. He co'bes frob Halifax. I k'dowd his father — a s'bart bad!'

A graphic sketch of an amusing, eccentric creature. - - - A GENTLE shower of soft, mild, large-flaked snow has been falling since day-light, on this eleventh of January, 1855. Tired of sitting at our table, where we had been scribbling since morning, we ventured out over the hills, and presently found ourselves 'wandering among the tombs' in Rockland Cemetery. Thence could we see that,

'COLD and pale in distant vistas round,
Disrobed and tuneless all the woods did stand,
While the chained streams were silent as the ground,
As DEATH had numbed them with his icy hand.'

All at once we came upon the neat square of ornamental iron-fence which incloses, with other relatives of the deceased, the remains of our lamented friend, the late H. C. SEYMOUR. A graceful monument, in the purest taste, and of the *whitest* white marble, seventeen feet in height, marks the last resting-

place of one too early called away. On the west side is this inscription: '*In memory of H. C. Seymour, who departed this life July 24, 1853, aged forty-two years.*' On the south side is the following: '*His Life and Energies were devoted to Internal Improvements, among which were the New-York and Erie Rail-Road, the New-York State Canals, and the Ohio and Mississippi Rail-Road.*' On the east and north sides, we read the subjoined just tribute to the life and death of the TRUE MAN who slept below: '*A True Man, a Kind and Affectionate Husband, Father, and Friend: his Memory will ever live in the Hearts of those who knew him:*' '*A sincere and consistent Christian, his death was the Passage of a Calm and Tranquil Spirit to the Realms of Eternal Life.*' The flakes fell and melted like tears upon the paper on which we copied these inscriptions, as if NATURE herself were weeping; and as we looked up at the wreath of pure white snow-down that was gathering around the beautiful urn which surmounts the top of the monument, there came back to us the remembrance of the time, not far in the past, when we copied from the beautiful service of costly plate, presented to our departed friend by those who had wintered and summered with him in the discharge of momentous duties, kindred tributes to those which now marked his tomb. And as we walked slowly away, afar over the waste of snow we saw the fire-horse, like a rocket, rushing westward, with a mile-long train of vapor behind it, vanishing into air, and passing away. 'Alas!' thought we, 'what is our life? It is even as a vapor, which appeareth but for a little time, and then vanisheth away!' - - - Taking our accustomed ease, one morning, some weeks ago, in our barber's shop, under the pleasant tonsorial manipulations of Mr. AUGUSTUS BLESSING, who has no superior in his professional line, we over-heard the following, as it fell from the lips of one of our most distinguished American poets:

'I AM of the firm opinion that if there had been on board the 'Arctic' — as I contend *should* be the case on every steam-ship that crosses the Atlantic — the *discipline of a man-of-war*, that dreadful calamity, at least in part, if not wholly, might have been avoided. It was the lack of *authoritative concert* between the captain and his officers and the officers and the crew which at the outset led to the deplorable event.

'When the steamer 'Princeton,' Captain STOCKTON, had made a portion of a pleasure-excursion down the Potomac, you will remember that in firing a salute with the 'big gun,' it burst, and destroyed several precious lives, among others, that of the then Secretary of the Navy. Now, I have it from the very best authority — that of Commodore STOCKTON himself — that when the gunners had fired the piece, and witnessed its terrible effects, they resumed their position amidst the carnage it had created, nor did they move from it until ordered to do so by their commander. Can it be doubted that obedience and discipline such as this might have saved our unfortunate ocean-steamer?

'But,' interposed a hearer, 'is it certain that *any* discipline could have saved all the passengers?'

'I don't know what *others* may think, but for myself, I have not the slightest doubt of it. Let me mention a circumstance which once occurred on Lake Champlain, and of which I was myself an eye-witness:

'I was on board the steamer 'Burlington' — this was some twenty five or thirty

years ago — commanded by Captain SHERMAN, one of the most careful, the most methodical, the most *exact* captains that ever trod a steamer's deck. Every body knows, who ever travelled with him, that there never was seen a speck of dirt about his boat so big as a pea; that his directions were given in a tone so low that they were seldom heard save by those to whom they were especially addressed; and generally they were indicated by a merely subdued hiss or whistle.

'On the occasion of which I speak, the steam-boat had approached the middle of the widest part of the lake, somewhere, if I recollect rightly, in the neighborhood of Plattsburgh, when a circle of smoke was seen issuing from around her smoke-pipe. The alarm instantly arose:

'The boat is on fire! the boat is on fire!'

'I rushed to the saloon, where several ladies, who were of the pleasure-party to which I was myself attached, were assembled in a state of great fear.

'Ladies,' I said, 'do n't be alarmed: I know Captain SHERMAN, and his prudence, energy, and determination so well, that although it is certain that the boat has caught fire, yet I consider your lives as safe as if you were in your own parlors.'

'Meantime, there was no bustle, no loud orders, no shouting or disorder upon the deck; and when I returned to it I found two lines of men, all of the crew, passing *full* and receiving *empty* buckets in return, and in fifteen minutes the fire, which had reached considerable headway, was entirely extinguished.

'An hour or two after, when all excitement in relation to the fire had subsided, as I met the Captain on deck, I ventured to ask him:

'Captain SHERMAN, will you tell me how it was that you were enabled to preserve such perfect order among your crew, and to put out a fire so speedily which had gained such head-way?'

'Oh! yes,' replied the Captain; 'the whole thing is very simple and easily explained: it all consists in being *prepared* for such an emergency. Now, I have *rehearsed* the very scene which you have witnessed to-day more than *fifty times* with my men, on the deck of this boat.'

'And there,' said Mr. H —, 'was seen the benefit of discipline. Suppose that the men on board the 'Burlington' had been running hither and thither, without concert and without confidence, frightening others, and only anxious to save themselves, what would have been the result? The boat would have been destroyed to a certainty.'

Is not this worthy of imitation? . . . An Irishman, at a country tavern, was observed by a friend of ours to be looking long and intently at the bar-post near the house, to which a traveller had tied his horse, by slipping the fold of the bridle through the hole for a bar, and then throwing the bight of the fold over the head of the post — a very common and effectual mode of fastening horses in the country. On being asked what he observed to attract attention, PADDY replied: 'Shure, and I'm afther wondering how the *baste got through the hole*, after the bridle was hung up!' The mystery of the tie being explained, he departed a wiser man. This is good, but not *quite* so bright as was the Yankee lad who saw, for the first time, some sailors raising a heavy anchor at the bow of a ship in port, for the purpose of securing or 'fishing' it, as we believe it is called. They were singing away at their work, with the usual 'Yo! heave oh!' when the green spectator, who had stopped to 'scrutinize' a little, hailed them with: 'You may 'heave-ho!' and 'hi-ho!' all night, but you won't get that big crooked thing through

that hole in a hurry — now mind I tell ye !' He thought they were trying to draw the anchor through the hawse-hole ! - - - A CORRESPONDENT at 'Canaan Four-Corners' sends us the following as a veritable copy of an inscription upon a tomb-stone in that vicinity : 'A lamenting spouse thus records the departure of her faithful and beloved half :

'My husband's name was BILL;
It was God's will
That he should be killed in a mill;
A very sad sight for me to behold, indeed.'

Very concise, and extremely pathetic ! - - - OUR Pacific contemporary, the '*Pioneer*,' of San-Francisco, conducted with signal ability by Mr. F. C. EWER, tells the following good story of General WORTH : 'Did you ever hear how fond he was of cauliflowers ? He had a passion for that vegetable : a love surpassing the love of women. When stationed at West-Point, long, long ago, in command of the corps of cadets, he had a little garden in the rear of his quarters ploughed up and planted entirely with cauliflowers. How he watched over that little plantation ! First the small green leaf, then the respectably-sized plant, then the imperfectly-developed head ; until one day, returning from his duties, his mouth watering at the thought that at dinner he should enjoy his first cauliflower from his own garden, he saw — horror of horrors ! — Old BERARD's cow leisurely finishing the very last cauliflower in that same garden. For an instant, WORTH's grief, dismay, and indignation were too great for utterance ; until, at last, he broke forth : 'Very well, madam ! Perhaps you'd like a little *drawn butter* on that ! — confound your epicurean soul !' Then followed a brick, and a graceful movement on the part of the cow.' The story about 'giving the note,' by a fashionable blood, for a stylish equipage, was told us by the late DAVID GRAHAM, and published in the KNICKERBOCKER many years ago. The parties were both New-Yorkers. 'An Officer in the Army' commences a brief poem in the '*Pioneer*' with this striking verse :

'TEACH me, Almighty FATHER, how to die ;
Give me the pass-word to eternity !
Wherein I have offended, oh ! forgive ;
While yet I'm living, teach me how to live !'

The magazine is carefully and handsomely executed. - - - SOME BODY 'down east' gives a recommendation of an external 'medicament,' a 'patent' specific of some sort, which had a singular effect upon the patient. He says : 'Some two or three months ago I was afflicted with a tumor or swelling of one of my *fingers*, which affected, to considerable extent, my whole arm, and which you pronounced *catarrh* !' It is, of course, unnecessary to say that the man was 'speedily cured ;' such events always take place in patent medicine advertisements. But how did he get the catarrh in his *finger* ? If he had no *mouchoir* at hand, why did n't he try the linden-leaf, after the manner of the 'Idlewild' experiment ? - - - If any of our town-readers would like to see a specimen of what some old author terms 'the extreme of sublimity, *great power in motion*,' let them make a night-trip in the '*New-Haven*,' Erie Rail-road steamer, with her accompanying barges, loaded to the gunwales with freight, and ripping through the thick-ribbed ice of the Hudson and the Tappaän-Zee to the pier at Piermont. It is 'a thing to remem-

ber,' to stand by the side of that intrepid pair, Capt. DONGE and his right-hand pilot, 'JACK STALL,' and hear the staunch craft mount the ice, toss it on either side, throw it under the wheels, grind it, churn it, and then pass on, as if it were mere pastime, cuddling her monstrous barges close up to her side, as if they were her children, that she was bound to take care of—and which she *does* take care of, too—at all hazards. - - - THE eminent Professor JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL always adapts his discourses to the topics of the day; and as '*Hard Times*' are a prevalent theme about this epoch, he thus enforces an important lesson:

'De subick of dis ebenin's discourse am one dat you is all 'quainted wid; one dat you see in many places, in Chatham-street, in West-Broadway, and in many ob de little lanes and alleys ob de town. One—no, it am more—in short, it am

'De Tree Golden Balls.

'Dar now; dare's no use o' feelin' oneasy. I haint bin to enny pon-broker, to look in he list fur de names ob enny ob my kongregashun. I know'd nuff widout dat. I nose well nuff dat dare's not an eb-bony mortal here, fe-minine or he-minine, dat has n't pledged nearly ebbertying he or she's ebber had, except pledgin' dare honor, and dat de pon-broker would n't 'low nuffin on. But, to purseed, as de fox said wen de dogs got he scent. As dare am tree balls, I intend to divide my 'scourse into tree heads, 'sides de endin', which I shall call de tail:

'De Fust Ball: Idleness.

'De Sekond Ball: Eggstravagants.

'De Fird Ball: Onest Poverty.

'In de fust place in de beginnin', fustly, De Fust Ball—Idleness. You am all 'shamed to be seen pon-broking enny ting. You creep to de pon-broker in de nite-time, jist like a kill-sheep dog, kaut wid a wolly mouf. An' you must have private entrances, 'an all dat. Brack sinners! Are you 'shamed ob de reesons wot makes you pon-broke? Are you 'shamed o' goin' to PERE SMIFF's seller, an' playin' penny-bluff till you aint a single red to buy-clams in de mornin', to begin business wid? Is you 'shamed, I say, foolish niggas, to waste all you elbow-grease and knee-grease, a-dancin' juba all day on de corners, instead ob bein' out white-washin' or lickin' carpets? Is you 'shamed to lay all day in de summer, on de seller-doors in Antony and Leonard streets, and sun yourself like a passel ob young Varginny black-snakes on de souf side ob a hill on de Four ob July? Are you shamed ob dese tings? Ef you ain't, 't ain't no use bein' 'shamed o' pon-brokin'! Ef you will play bluff, you must spekt to *anty up* your new suit at de Tree Golden Balls; and ef you don't keep off de seller-door, you can't keep your pinchback watch off de pon-broker's shelf.

'In de sekond place, sekondly, De Sekond Ball—Eggstravagants. Does you tink you kin go to de 'Sembly-rooms all de week, at a quarter a nite, wen clams is only eighteen pence a hundred? Does you tink you kin gib a 'possum-supper, wid koon-trimmin's and hominy-fixin's, once a monf, wen de karpets-season's jist gone out, an' wite-washin' ain't come in yet? Tell you wot, deluded children ob darkness, dat if you won't work wen dare's work to do, an' ef you *will* spend more 'n you make wile you are a-workin', your good klose an' your sham jewelry will go to de pon-broker-man, an' you lose 'em beyond *redemption*.

'Nexly, I'm a-goin' to gib you the Fird Ball, as de Wetter Nary Surjon sed when he was doctorin' a hoss fur de botts. Dis am Honest Poverty. Now, take notis, eb-boney ignorumpusses, dat out ob de hole tree dare am only wun ball for poverty. Dat means dat ware dare's wun man 'bliged to git he uncle to help him out o' downright honest poverty, dare am two dat go to him fru idleness and eggstravagants.

'I ain't got nuffin to say agin dis ball. Menny a man dese hard times kan't help heseif; an' darfor, sum wun else muss help him. An' I say to you, dat all dem wot indulges dare appetites and drinkittes eggstravagantly, makes it harder fur de 'dustri-

ous nigger to git along. An' I say to you, who 's got more 'n nuff to lib on tru de winter, dat you harts is hard as your heads, ef you don't save de tree-sent pieces wot you gives Pete Smiff for whiskey, an' use 'em to help your poorer bredderen. Who dat I hear sayin' he must hab a drop o' suffin' to take de bad taste out ob he mouf in de mornin's? Tank 'bout bad taste! Dare 's nuffin' makes a wuss taste in de mouf dan tree-cent whiskey!

'Now, here's whar I gwine to stop. But you recumlect wot I sed to you, and foller my advice; an' soon you 'll see dat de pon-broker won't hab a single ball left. He 'll take down he sign, an' go up in de Fif' Avenoo, whare dar will be a better chance for him bime-by, ef your old Shephard kan see enny ting tru he spekkles.

'Take notis dat de sasser, wich was broke lass week, has been riveted togedder agin at SAM JONSON'S Blacksmith Shop, and will be cirkelated as usual dis ebenin'.'

We hope 't was well-filled. - - - ONE of the most important members of the democratic party, in a far western town, which shall be nameless; of whom it is said that he never finished a speech, sentiment, or sentence in public, without making a failure, in consequence of too ambitious a start; at a supper given in honor of General CASS's visit to that region, three years since, made the following *faux pas*: Rising in his place, and calling attention by a thump on the table, he exclaimed: '*The Democratic Party*: the idol of the people, the hope of the world, the temple of true patriotism: so long as its members are true to their trust, the malevolent vituperations of its hereditary enemies, the whigs and abolitionists, are — are' — (a long pause, the speaker evidently 'stuck,' and growing more confused every instant,) 'are bound, gentlemen, (*pause*,) bound, gentlemen, to — *slump through!*' With which peroration he sat down, and wiped the sweat from off his streaming face. - - - 'AN officer in Italy,' says one of our city journals, '*The Express*,' 'being disaappointed in love, repaired to the home of the cruel fair' one, and shot, successively, her mother, her father, the young lady herself, her uncle, her aunt, and himself. Very Italian!' Yes — *very*; and reminding one of the scene in MARYATT's burlesque chapter from an Italian novel, wherein a great number of troublesome 'characters' are suddenly removed out of the way of the author, each one, as will be seen, 'expiring without a groan':

'ABSENPRESENTINI felt his way by the slimy wall, when the breath of another human being caught his ear: he paused, and held his own breath. 'No, no,' muttered the other, '*the secret of blood and gold shall remain with me alone. Let him come, and he shall find death.*' In a second, the dagger of ABSENPRESENTINI was in the mutterer's bosom: he fell without a groan. 'To me alone the secret of blood and gold, and with me it remains,' exclaimed ABSENPRESENTINI.

'It does remain with you,' cried PHOSPHORINI, driving his dagger into his back. ABSENPRESENTINI fell without a groan, and PHOSPHORINI, withdrawing his dagger, exclaimed, 'Who is now to tell the secret but me?'

'Not you,' cried VORTISKINI, raising up his sword and striking at where the voice proceeded. The trusty steel cleft the head of the abandoned PHOSPHORINI, who fell without a groan. 'Now will I retain the secret of blood and gold,' said VORTISKINI, as he sheathed his sword.

'Thou shalt,' exclaimed the wily Jesuit, as he struck his stiletto to the heart of the robber, who fell without a groan. 'With me only does the secret now rest, by which our order might be disgraced; with me it dies,' and the Jesuit raised his hand. 'Thus to the glory and the honor of his society does MANFREDINI sacrifice his life!' He struck the keen-pointed instrument into his heart, and died without a groan.

'At this most monstrously-appalling sight, the hair of PIFPLIANTERISCKI raised slowly the velvet-cap from off his head, as if it had been perched upon the rustling quills of some exasperated porcupine — (I think that's new) — his nostrils dilated to that extent that you might, with ease, have thrust a musket-bullet into each — his mouth was opened so wide, so unnaturally wide, that the corners were rent asunder, and the blood

slowly trickled down each side of his bristly chin — while each tooth loosened from its socket with individual fear. Not a word could he utter, for his tongue, in its fright, clung with terror to his upper-jaw, as tight as do the bellies of the fresh and slimy soles, paired together by some fish-woman; but if his tongue was paralyzed, his heart was not; it throbbed against his ribs with a violence which threatened their dislocation from the sternum, and with a sound which reverberated through the dark, damp, subterranean —'

The rest of this 'terrifically-thrilling' extract is mercifully left to the imagination of the reader. - - - 'THE day before the last Fourth of July,' writes a Hudson correspondent, our little GEORGE prayed as follows, before going to bed: 'O LORD, *please* do n't let it rain to-morrow, 'cause I want to fire off crackers.' Our little KATY, too, an innocent of some three or four summers, once offered up this supplication: 'O LORD, bless my father and mother; and bless my sister ANNIE, who flounced my new frock, but 'CUD' (her cousin) made the button-holes!' *Appropos* of 'Little People,' here is another anecdote, which a correspondent heads, '*A Fact*.' 'A Sunday-school teacher, in catechising her class, asked a little girl of some six summers: 'Have you been baptized?' She answered: 'Yes, twice; it was in this arm,' indicating her right; 'no, it was in *this*, (her left,) *and the last time it hurt!*' - - - We have received from our old friend and correspondent, Mr. STEPHEN C. MASSETT, of San Francisco, or as he styles himself, 'Colonel JEEMS PIPES, of Pipesville,' a very pleasing sketch, which he calls '*The Lily of the Valley*.' Our readers will welcome it, as they have already welcomed many another communication from the same facile pen:

'In the month of May, 1853, I passed a very pleasant week at Geneva, Switzerland, tarrying two days in one of the little villages near the banks of the far-famed Lake Lemman; and you shall know how agreeably my time was spent, and of my meeting with the '*Lily of the Valley*.'

'The reader is aware that in some parts of northern Europe, the English language is sometimes spoken; indeed, in many of the hotels in Switzerland it is quite common. In one instance, however, I was fortunate enough to meet with a family who talked good old Saxon, at the pretty little village inn at which I rested. Here, as in other lands, the children have their 'May-Day Festival'; and though I was not quite in time to witness their merry-making, I was in time to inhale the fragrance of the flowers, in time to tell you of the exquisite beauty — even though withered on the stem — of the Lily of the Valley. What a glorious day it was, as looking from the windows of my hotel, I watched the bright sun-beams as they danced and sparkled on the clear blue waters of the lake! The breeze crisps the tiny waves, so that they dance and toss about the little boats so gently, with their milk-white sails, gliding to-and-fro. A cozy little craft was hired by me, for a moderate price; and as she fluttered her wings to the wind, the quintessence of repose and quiet was ours.

'The first summer rain had lately fallen, and the valleys, hills, and dales, refreshed by the showers, seemed sending up a song of thankfulness to HEAVEN; while the trees, filled with fragrant blossoms, some just putting forth their leaves, looking so green and lovely, completed a picture of surpassing beauty. On nearing a little village, the name of which is forgotten — not very distant, however, from the world-renowned Zurich, whose waters have been immortalized in story and in song — I observed, as I thought, an unusual gayety and liveliness among the people, and was about remarking to my companion that I imagined some *fête* was tak-

ing place, when he informed me we had just arrived in time to see the *last* of the Swiss May-Day Festival. The sports of children are always interesting to me, and so away we went, through innumerable groupings of lad and lassies, vineyards, gardens, and bowers, the air seemingly laden with the perfumes of a thousand exotics; when suddenly, in the distance, the well-known 'May-Pole' burst upon my view. But the dance had ceased; the little 'twinkling feet' that so lately had trodden on the spring blossoms were gone; but there was *yet* the Lily of the Valley left, and its fragrance was sweet to me beyond description.

'A little blue-eyed girl of some seven summers had just plucked the flower, and, placing it in her bosom, began to cry. This attracted my attention, and I went to her, asking her to tell me the cause of her sorrow. She replied that her little sister, whom they used to call the 'Lily of the Valley,' had been taken from them, and she was going to send this flower with her to heaven to be planted there!

'I need not say I became much interested, and followed the little stranger for some distance; but in the throng of children I lost sight of her.

'The groupings of youngsters, that on my arrival I had fancied were in the height of excitement and glee, were speaking in subdued tones, while the peasants, male and female, looked gloomy and sad.

'Musingly I strolled to the inn of the village, where I learned the cause of the ceasing of the festivities. They had also had a 'May-Queen,' one they were wont to call the 'Lily of the Valley.' For three summers had she reigned over her little flowery band, when suddenly she was called away to bloom in the fields of light above.

'But listen to the story as they told it to me:

'The sun beamed brightly upon the May morn about which I am writing; the day of the *last* 'crowning' of the 'Lily of the Valley;' and though its little head was bent in sickness, the genial sun-shine, it was thought, might revive, and the excitement and the merry-making prove beneficial rather than injurious. And so they placed her on her floral throne.

'The shoutings of a hundred little voices went up, processions were formed, and garlands wreathed by slender hands, were tossed into the air. All eyes were turned toward the throne of roses; and her crown of pure white lilies, that she loved so well to wear, was placed upon her brow. She looked so lovely, all in her dress of buds and blossoms; but she was *very pale*, and her eye looked up to heaven. Could she have heard them calling her away? And then she smiled; they thought she could not be in pain; but, in gently trying to raise herself up, and waving her little hand,

'She fell, in her saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light!'

The color returned not to her cheek; and thus this tender flowret, in the very height of its May-day glory, was transplanted into the heavenly nursery!

'The May-day dance was over. Garlands and wreaths of flowers dropped from little hands that had held them in their glee, and tears flowed like rain; and where so lately smiles, laughter, and the joyous strains of music floated in the air, sobbings now were heard, and rejoicings were at an end.

'I thought it was a glorious way to die; ere the young heart had grown familiar with the paths of sin, while spring-flowers budded, bloomed, and blossomed on her very breast; while the shoutings of innocent voices greeted her, her spirit passed silently away.

This is the story that they told me; and now, dear reader, I will tell you *what*

'On the night of the day that I arrived, the funeral of the little 'May-Queen' took place. Never before was I so strongly impressed with the sublimity, nay, the *beauty* of death, divested, as it seemed to be, of all its gloom and terror.

'There was no coffin, no pall, no raven plumings; none of the trappings and sombre liveries of the grave were there; but upon two pieces of *cedar-wood*, bound tightly together with boughs of myrtle and ever-green, forming a sort of trellis-work, the body was placed, dressed in a garment of plain white, with a single flower — the 'Lily of the Valley' — resting on her breast. The scene was most touching. It was night, but the moon shone full upon that lovely face; it was so light, so *very* light, it did not look like death. And then she seemed to smile, as though a pleasant dream was hers; or perhaps she was talking to the angels! And then each of the children went up and kissed those cold, still lips, and their little hearts seemed breaking. I could hear their sobbings, and they called her 'Lily,' and some thought that she could hear them; and one of them said she had gone to GOD, to be a queen there among His little angels! And then they chanted a hymn, and its distant echo among the hills made me think that it was answered by cherub voices; it was so distinct, so very clear, that it fairly startled me. And then they hid their faces in their hands and wept; for the 'Lily of the Valley' had passed from their sight for ever!'

HERE is a report made by the examiners appointed by the General Term of the Supreme Court, held in Alleghany county last autumn, to examine applicants for admission to practice. The 'benefit of clergy,' it may be well to premise, was defined by some of the class to be the 'right of Christian burial;' by others, 'the privilege of being attended at the gallows by a priest!' But to the 'document' in question:

*In the Matter
of
Certain Young Men.*

SUP. COURT: ALLEGHANY GEN. TERM.

'THE undersigned, to whom the Court
Referred the students' class,
To ascertain and then report
Whether the same could pass,
Have been attended at their room
This morn, from eight to ten,
And diligently have they 'put through'
Those interesting men,
On various subjects of the law,
Commercial, common, civil;
Of Nature, nations, and of God,
And some laws of the D—— L.
We have examined them with care,
And their acquirements seen;
(The questions on the last-named laws
Were chiefly put by GREENE,)
And find their knowledge just enough
To warrant a report,
That they be suffered to come in
And practice on the Court!
Wherefore we've come the conclusion,
May it please the Court, to urge ye,
That all should be admitted to
'The benefit of clergy.'

'In testimony of which fact
(For want of room at bottom,)
Our hands and names here on the back
Deliberately we've sot 'em.

THERE is a great deal of genuine humor in the '*Report of the Committee on Pigs*,' addressed to the President of the Berks County (Penn.) Agricultural and Horticultural Society, at their celebration last summer. An extract or two will assure the reader of this fact:

'THE pig is an important animal. Of a serene and philosophical temperament, his mental and moral powers are not of that brilliant cast which attract the general attention. Unlike the 'half-reasoning elephant,' his intellectual acquirements are usually so limited that the '*learned pig*' stands alone—a prodigy in the world's annals. What judicious instruction and maturity of years might effect, is of course mere conjecture, as an early death is characteristic of the race; and when attention is directed chiefly to physical development, any precocious displays of youthful genius would be likely to pass unnoticed.

'In advocacy of the claim of this race to the title of *beautiful*, able writers have not disdained to employ their pens. 'No animal,' says SYDNEY SMITH, 'entombed in their own fat, overwhelmed with prosperity, success, and farina, could possibly be so disgusting, if it were not useful; but a breeder who has accurately attended to the small quantity of food it requires to swell this pig out to such extraordinary dimensions—the astonishing genius it displays for obesity—the laudable propensity of the flesh to desert the cheap regions of the body and to agglomerate on those parts which are worth nine-pence a pound—such an observer of its utility does not hesitate to call these a '*beautiful race of pigs*.'

'Nor is his praise beneath the dignity of the lyric muse. The great German poet UELAND has '*sung The Pig*' in his happiest style.

'How much more graceful are the rapid movements of the infantile pig than the clumsy gambols of the lamb! Yet the latter have been consecrated to poetry for ages, while the former pass unnoticed. How bravely does the mother defend her offspring, and how marked the filial affection which they display in return; but the first is regarded as mere maternal instinct, and the latter only as a selfish homage to the source of sustenance!

'Dear as is the rent-paying pig to the Celt, he is alike the friend and ally of the Anglo-Saxon. His voice is everywhere blended with the accents of that power which, in the language of WEBSTER, 'has dotted over the whole surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.'

'Eloquently, most eloquently does that most beautiful of writers, the gentle 'Elia,' expatiate on '*Roast Pig*:'

'"BEHOLD him while he is doing! It seemeth rather a refreshing warmth than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he turneth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age: he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting-stars.

'"See him in the dish—his second cradle: how meek he lieth! Wouldst thou have this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany mature swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton—a sloven—an obstinate, disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation. From these sins he is happily snatched away!"

'Not to be invidious, who, we may ask, has not joined with unusual thankfulness in the preliminary grace over the fairly-browned spare-rib, the well-cured ham, the nicely-seasoned sausage? What an important question to many, 'When are you going to kill?'—what an important era, but *cheering-day*! . . . Not a paper do we open that does not record the piece of pork, and telegraph-dispatches transmit the rise and fall of bacon. Great in peace and great in war, what would the nations do, what would the navies of the world be without the pork in their holds? Take that away, and a NAPIER might tell his 'boys' to 'sharpen their cutlasses' in vain.'

ACTING upon the considerate advice of several judicious friends, Mr. DERBY has consented to postpone, until the twenty-eighth of February, the distribution of statuary and paintings which have been collected during the past summer. It was so late before the catalogue of these works could be sent out, that we think the postponement very proper, as there are no doubt some thousands who will be glad to avail themselves of the *extension* in these hard times. Mr. DERBY and his associates intend to make the '*Cosmopolitan Art and Literary Association*' a permanent institution for disseminating

good literature, and encouraging American artists; and we have no doubt the plan will meet with abundant success. We should be glad if the Association would make arrangements to open their gallery in this city, and we would suggest to them that it may be greatly for their interest to do so. This is the true place for it. - - - MR. JOHN LANDIS, the distinguished artist, sends us the subjoined luminous letter. In a postscript, he begs us to become his 'patron,' buy his pictures, and 'remit the funds to Harrisburgh, Penn.' Unable, owing to the present high price of provisions and putty, and to a commission which we have given Mr. DAUBSON, of Little Peddlington, England, for a copy of his great painting of '*The Grenadier*,' (which was so superior a work of art that '*they didn't dare to hang it up in the Royal Academy!*'—actually *afraid* to do it)—unable, we say, to comply with Mr. LANDIS's wishes, we yet publish his letter, that other 'patrons of art' may come to his aid:

'Lancaster, Dec. 7, 1854.

'Sirs: Since I left New-York, for the want of a suitable residence, I performed much of the longitude here on foot, though in Philadelphia an amount is on interest of \$10,000, for libels, against Du SOLLE and GRAHAM, of the magazine, in the District Court, since 12th Jan., 1846, consequently is over \$15,000, none of which I was successful collecting, on my way here and Harrisburg, where, Sirs, I discovered the notification of myself and works in your monthly, the KNICKERBOCKER, which should have produced something before the present time, though, I regret, has not; therefore I address this Letter to your firm, or either member thereof, as the case may be, a sufficient party for the occasion; *extension of patronage*, the 'Sunshine of Patronage,' if you please, for Productions in the Fine Arts.

'Sirs, a few originals, cabinet-size, I carried with me and at this place, am denied the moderate prices, I rate them at, so that I remain in distress, like *want*, without my WANTS being supplied; which you comprehend from the pamphlet from which you extracted; and my relations, and friends, and Countrymen are responsible to me for; being in the provisions of the Gospel, I expound in my Heroic Poem, 'Life of the MESSIAH!' in the fifth edition. For, particularly, the national, spiritual services of 1840, to the prevention of a third war, effecting the release of M'LEON from Utica Jail, whom juries were unable to convict or acquit; consequently the burthen devolved on me, like changing the wind on the Atlantic Ocean, on a precedent occasion, in the display of the virtues of my Divine Calling.

'These Pictures I now offer you, under the impression of success, for your taste for the polite Arts. One is WASHINGTON and Col. TRUMBULL and his colleague, two *aids* and generals and officers mounted and on foot, intermediate to the encampment of the army; worth, verily, above the late COLE's landscapes, which rated at \$500. The other is a quadruple Portrait-Picture of WASHINGTON, JACKSON, TAYLER, and SCOTT, the heroes of the three wars—first, second, and Mexican; represented with *spectacles*, *appropos*, a *glowing spectacled SPECTACLE!* The upper, with golden, having been respectively President, (in 1847, when I first composed it,) and others, with silver, viewing, contemplating the WHITE HOUSE, worth a few hundred dollars. Though I will put them, together, at \$500, or less half, or so, for prosperity's sake, unaware what Congress will do, who neglected me thus far.

'Sirs, please conform to my appeal immediately, and may blessings be realized for ever!

'Anointed of God!

JOHN LANDIS.'

We 'conform' to the 'appeal' in part. - - - We hear from many friends of the superior character of *Professor Charles J. Hinkell's Seminary for Young Gentlemen at Newburgh*, on the Hudson. The school is of the highest order,

admirably situated as regards accessibility and natural beauty, with accessories of physical as well as intellectual and moral exercises, which have won for it a high reputation. - - - UNLESS we very greatly mistake, we recognize in the subjoined lines, which we copy from the '*Albany Atlas*,' daily journal, the hand of an occasional contributor to these pages. It strikes us that there is a well-enforced satire embodied in this same 'Borroboola Gha':

'A STRANGER preached last Sunday,
And crowds of people came,
To hear a two-hour sermon
With a barbarous-sounding name;
'T was all about some heathens,
Thousands of miles afar,
Who live in a land of darkness,
Called 'Borroboola Gha.'

'So well their wants he pictured
That when the plates were passed,
Each list'ner felt his pockets,
And goodly sums were cast;
For all must lend a shoulder
To push the rolling car
That carries light and comfort
To 'Borroboola Gha.'

'That night their wants and sorrows
Lay heavy on my soul,
And deep in meditation,
I took my morning-stroll;
Till something caught my mantle
With eager grasp and wild,
And looking down with wonder,
I saw a little child.

'A pale and puny creature,
In rags and dirt forlorn;
What could she want? I questioned,
Impatient to be gone.
With trembling voice she answered,
'We live just down the street,
And mammy she's a-dyin',
And we 've nothing left to eat.'

'Down in a wretched basement,
With mould upon the walls,
Through whose half-buried windows
God's sunshine never falls;
Where cold, and want, and hunger
Crouched near her as she lay,
I found a fellow-creature
Gasping her life away.

'Owego, December 5, 1854.'

'A chair, a broken table,
A bed of dirty straw,
A hearth all dark and cheerless —
But these I scarcely saw;
For the mournful sight before me,
The sad and sickening show —
Oh! never had I pictured
A scene so full of woe.

'The famished and the naked,
The babes that pine for bread,
The squalid group that huddled
Around the dying bed —
All this distress and sorrow
Should be in lands afar,
Was I suddenly transplanted
To 'Borroboola Gha'?

'Ah! lo! the poor and wretched
Were close behind the door,
And I had passed them heedless
A thousand times before.
Alas! for the cold and hungry,
That meet me every day,
While all my tears were given
To the suffering far away.

'There's work enough for Christians
In distant lands, we know.
Our Lord commands his servants
Through all the world to go,
Not only for the heathen.
This was his charge to them:
'Go, preach the word, beginning
First at Jerusalem.

'O Christian! God has promised,
Who e'er to thee has given
A cup of pure cold water,
Shall find reward in heaven.
Would you secure the blessing,
You need not seek it far;
Go, find in yonder hovel
A 'Borroboola Gha.'

That 'charity which begins at home, will suggest to the heedful reader, in such seasons of destitution as these upon which we have fallen, that our own poor, whom we 'have with us alway,' should not be forgotten, while we remember the 'ends of the earth.' - - - AMONG our late 'omissions' was a notice of '*The Little Pilgrim*.' We predicted the popularity of this most industriously-edited and beautiful little paper, and our predictions have been more than fulfilled. GRACE GREENWOOD, one of the editors, writes much for every number, and she never wrote to better accept-

ance. It is evident that her heart is in the work. We take the following description of her ascent to the cupola of St. PAUL's, London, from one of her familiar articles in the last number:

'ABOUT the interior of the dome are a series of pictures, illustrating the life of St. PAUL. An incident occurred during the painting of these which I will relate, as a remarkable instance of presence of mind. The artist, Sir JAMES THORNHILL, painted standing on a scaffold, erected of course at a great height from the ground. This scaffold was securely built, but not protected by any railing. One day, while fortunately a friend was with him watching him at his work — having just finished the head of one of the apostles, he forgot where he was, and with his hand over his eyes, stepped hastily backward, to see how the picture would look from a distance. In a moment he stood on the very edge of the platform — another step — another inch backward was certain death! His friend dared not speak, for fear of startling him — but catching up a large brush, he dashed it over the face of the apostle, smearing the picture shockingly. Sir JAMES sprang forward instantly, crying out, 'Bless my soul! what have you done?' 'I have saved your life!' replied his friend calmly. For the next moment the two stood face to face, very pale and still, but thanking God fervently in their full, loud-beating hearts.

'Within the dome is 'The Whispering Gallery.' This is surely very curious: the least whisper breathed against the wall at a certain point, being distinctly heard on the opposite side of the gallery; or making the entire inner circle of the great dome. After a long, weary ascent of very dirty and dark stair-cases, we reached the cupola, and great London and its environs lay beneath us! Oh! what a wide and wonderful view was that! It was almost overwhelming, and so bewildered me at first that I could not clearly make out any thing. But soon that dizziness of astonishment passed away, and I began to recognize, one after another, places and buildings that had grown familiar to me. There was Hyde-Park, looking at that distance like a plantation of young trees; there was Buckingham Palace, the new palace of Westminster, and the grand old Abbey. I could see the flash of the fountains in Trafalgar Square, and trace the silver winding of the Thames, through miles on miles of docks and warehouses, under dark bridges, past darker prisons — far up into the green and smiling country — and far down toward the blue and shining sea. There was the Tower, which though not a dark or dilapidated building, always has a guilty, gloomy look, after you know what it is. There was the Monument, towering toward the sky, in memory of the great conflagration in London, when, where those magnificent buildings now stand, were piles and masses of fire, and great flames going up in red columns to heaven.

'Brightly shone the sun on hundreds of spires and domes — cheerily lighting up all that vast scene beneath us — the wide, elegant streets, open squares, and parks of the town, and the busy crowded streets and narrow lanes of the city. The kindly rays fell just as warmly and clearly into the dark and damp courts of the miserable parish of St. GILES, as on to the noble terraces and into the palace-gardens of fashionable West-End. Oh! the beautiful sun-shine! God's manna of light — falling for the poor as well as for the rich.

'While standing on that lofty balcony, I could but faintly hear that great noise of business and travel which roars along London streets, without ceasing, day or night. It was like being at the summit of a high rock, on the sea-shore, where the hoarse sound of the great waves comes up to your ear, softened to a low, deep murmur.'

Write as well, as simply, and as clearly as this for children, and there can be little fear of securing the attention of 'children of larger growth,' as most of us 'grown-up humans' are. - - - A right genial and pleasant sheet is '*Cozzens' Wine-Press*,' to say nothing of its usefulness to his customers and 'the trade.' The '*Journey round a Tapioca Pudding*' in the December number, is an admirably-written and instructive sketch; while the annexed remarks upon '*Side-boards*,' as they used to exist in the olden time, are scarcely less felicitous:

'THE good old days of side-boards have departed. Time was when a side-board was an indispensable piece of furniture; when wine and cake were handed to the guests, and a visit was a cheerful and pleasant thing to look forward to; very different from the stately and formal *dry* calls of the present day. Then people were honest, times were better, marriage was every man's ambition, and children were

a blessing. Then we were a social, not a political people: we had friends and neighbors, not acquaintances and financial connections merely. Then little boys and little girls went to bed betimes, and rose early, and loved their papas and mammas. Then the minister, when he called, was asked to take a glass of wine, and it was thought dreadful if he went away without having been asked; and the good feeling that that little glass of wine sometimes produced was worth all the cold-water homilies that were ever written. Then old Christmas came all jubilant, and the old side-board was finely set off with the toys of the dear young children, and neither snow nor rain prevented enjoyment; and there was always a turkey, and celery, and wine, and good spirits, and health and vigor. And when the evening closed in, and the snow coursed past the window-panes, and the streets were lighted up, and the little ones had said their prayers and gone to sleep—oh! how sweetly!—with papa's kiss and mamma's blessing, then an old-fashioned pitcher of whiskey-punch stood on that respectable, time-honored piece of furniture—as MILTON says, in 'Paradise Regained':

'At a stately side-board, by the wine
That fragrant smell diffused.'

And then came the old stories around the hickory fire, the nuts, the apples, the sweet memories of by-gone times, the warm knitting of hand with hand and heart with heart. Alas! alas! these things were, but they have departed with the old side-boards.'

This picture will be widely recognized. - - - 'Do n't you see that notice there?' said the captain of a Mississippi steam-boat to a man who had a 'long-nine' in his mouth, and three similar segars in his left hand; 'do n't you see that writin', or can't you read writin'? 'No gentleman permitted to smoke on the after-deck.' 'God bless you, I'm no 'gentleman;' but the way I like to smoke is a caution. Got used to it, cap'n, years and years ago. Take one, cap'n?' But 'the rule must be enforced,' and the smoker walked 'forward,' where he could enjoy his 'weed' unmolested. Suggestive of this remembered circumstance, was the following passage in a recent gossippy letter from a genial friend in the 'city of brotherly-love;' for whose sake, and that of certain ancient friends in her beautiful borders, we say, 'Let Brotherly Love continue;' in other words, 'Long may she wave!' But to the story—which 'begins and ends in smoke:'

'HEARD a story last night: *such* as it is, *here* it is: A gentleman recently driving from one of our 'crack hotels' in the stage, felt a 'smoke-longing' come over him, and, drawing out a Cabaña, inquired of the other occupants of the vehicle if they objected to smoke. No one 'had any thing ag'in it,' and he puffed on, in company with another. Presently the stage pulled up, and an irate little driver bounded down and up again to the window, with:

'Who's that a-smokin' in there? STOP THAT!'

'Better ask the *other* gentleman smoking,' replied the puffer.

'It's contrary to the rules.'

'Ask if any body *objects*,' responded puffer.

'D'you object, Sir?' inquired driver of passenger No. One.

'No, Sir-ree! Got fined in Bosting myself t'other day for smokin'. Think you're infernal sarcy.'

'Do you object, Sir?' (Of No. Two.)

'Not above six—got a light?'

'You object, I s'pose, Sir?' queried coachy of a grave old Quaker in the corner.

'Nay, friend, I do *not* object to any thing but thy delay. Still, as thee speaks of smoking, it remindeth me that I would be much obliged to thee to tarry an instant at the next segar-shop, as I would fain refresh *myself* with a weed.'

'(This brought out an offer of Cabañas from smoker, which offer was gratefully accepted by the intelligent disciple of Fox.) Something very like a suppressed oath came from the driver, as he proceeded to the last man :

'Do you object?'

'*Jee-whillikens!* — you do n't know Me, that's plain!'

'Why, who are you?'

'*I! — why, I'm the Man that Smoked in the Omnibus!*'

'The coach reached the depot in about double-quick-time *that day.*'

MR. U. C. SKIPPERS sends us '*A Dress to K. N. Pepper,*' from which we segregate the following. But, MR. SKIPPERS, PEPPER can't be imitated — he can only be approached at a very great distance :

'GRAT PEPPER! thou star ov 1st magnitude
In the litterrary cistem, receive mi offerinks
In yur own stile ov blanc vers witch dont
Yu nevr fursak. Youm eeny about the fust
Poik livin witch kums up 2 mi idees.
Wat a free an unparalel han yu strik the
Kords with, dont yu? Youm grat! youm punkins!
Praps yu dono me. I ekspec not. Faim
Haint dun rite bi me. Mi poinks haz bin
Smutherd from the yrls rapcherus gaze,
Owink to circumstancens & a sik Step
Muther wots got the spine kumplant an the
Hizteriks bad an I'm boun to support.
O PEPPER! yu dono how she wheezes!
Thats wots kep me down. But yu!
Yu ken sale on, grat barb, lik the elektrik sparc
Witch darts the hevinks thru an rips the klowds
Considrabl, an sumtimes strikes barns;
Jes so youl rip the klowds of ignerens & erer.
Yu ken beet eny livin poek & not $\frac{1}{2}$ tri
He bet, with yur rite han tide behin ye.'

Another 'poeck' has been imitating, or trying to imitate, our great bard, in an '*Oued to the Steem Fire-Engine, sejested by Seeing it Skwirt.*' We give its close :

'STEEM Fire-Engine! — your useful. You
use wood and koal — you make
a big noise with your whistle, and
You leave a streak of fire behind you
in the streat. But, Steam Fire engine! your
Useful. Your a — a trump. Go on!
Go on — Grate old Skwirt!'

SINCE the above was placed in type, we have received the following touching epistles. Do they not 'speak for themselves?' They *seem* to, truly :

'MR. CLARK: EDITOR:

'*North-Demosthenes, Four-Corners, Jan. 10, 1855.*

'SIR: After reading the inclosed letter which I have just had the melancholy Pleasure of receiving from our mutual friend Mr. K. N. PEPPER, Esq., you will of course lay aside all other Considerations and weep with me. Sir: Tears are good. He was worth rivers of them, or, if I am extravagant, creeks. I say *was*, for I consider him a Relict. He was, but is not. He is dead to the world, although he may *feel* alive. He is a singular instance of the *experimentum Crucis*. It is not too much to say that I regret his absence. He has left a void which I fear Aches. My children were wont to greet him playfully and received Brazilian nuts at intervals. The three-cornered productions of South-America may

be supplied, but where is the Benefactor? Perhaps you do not wonder that I am weeping; perhaps you do not wonder that four children and an angelic Woman have streaks of dirt on their cheeks. You can feel for them. You have been in the same painful situation.

'But a flood of emotion appears to be rising. I must close before I am carried away.
With consideration: Sir: Yours,

'P. PEPPER POD.'

'P. S. As the Transaction will be unknown to Mr. PEPPER, I will send you Part First of the Great Pome as soon as I receive it from him.
P. P. P.'

'DERE FELER:

'ive fled. fall to werk amaking up your mind as soon as you rede this & resine yourself to the idee. i no it will hirt your felinks but it will soon be over. PEPPER is agoin to kill hisself. His fren Podd wont never, *never* be a witnes ov his agony & ketch his last breth. His axcents must be waisted onto the desert are & his i's will never be kivered with smal coins. o the hapines of sayin Fairwel to Wo & lookin for'ds to

'A good time comin Boys on the other side ov Gordon!'

But ive got a grate Werk to finish wich wont be under severil weaks—(the sain as I aluded to last sumer wen i felt so ga & hapy,) i am agoin to dedecat it to you in 2 parts. the 1st i wil send sune. you air to kepe it al till you no i hev deseized miself after wich event you may exersize your plesyour. ammongst mi efex is severil smal pomes as I thruf of bi od spels. if you ever colect mi werks them is to go in. Thers no use a tryin to find me. ime inwisable to the human speshy, ime effectooally conseled by nothink.

'ef i dont git time to rite to you onct moar be 4 i 'shovel up this mortle coal' (from SHAK.) taik this for the last. Podd, i fele distres. i cant rite. Fairwel.

'frum your suferink but sune releved fren
'K. N. PEPPER.'

The 'Pome' is a great one! We know the subject! - - - THERE is 'food for thought' in the following, from a metropolitan correspondent:

'THERE never was a more striking instance of the power of the press and of public opinion, brought to bear upon an outrageous abuse in official place and high station, than in the recent case of PERRY, a young gentleman whose offence it was that his father or grand-father had *earned* the money which enabled him to obtain a commission in an English regiment, stationed at Windsor. This gave mortal offence to those in whose veins flowed *gentle* blood; and they resorted to all sorts of annoyance to drive the young lieutenant out of the regiment. 'Practical jokes,' such as hauling him out of bed at mid-night, making him go through the sword-exercise while naked, burning his legs with a segar, and other equally refined sorts of wit, were played off upon him, with the countenance of the commander of the regiment himself.

'The young man at length, stung to the quick by such prolonged and cruel treatment, resented it, was arrested, and court-martialled. This led to an exposure of all the facts, and the consequence was, a *second* court-martial at Windsor. On *that* trial, every officer, from the colonel of the regiment down, was suddenly affected with a loss of memory! Not one of them was able to remember any such transactions as the young man had testified to. This obliviousness was so general, so much like the '*non mi recordo*' of another celebrated English trial, so unanimous, in short, that it at once excited suspicion. It proved conclusively that there was a conspiracy among the officers to swear down the charges against them.

'And now comes down *'The Thunderer'* upon the aristocratic bloods; and in one week they become 'a by-word and a hissing,' not only in the streets of Windsor, but throughout Britain, and wherever in her wide-spread possessions her drum-beat is heard. It is no longer concealed, it is known and felt, that the officers were obliged to resort to perjury, to save themselves from being cashiered; and day after day the withering sarcasm of *'The Times'* pours upon them like hail, until nothing is left to be done, save to disband the regiment, to save it from the scorn and derision of the people; for even the merry boys of Windsor mock them in the public streets, deriding them with a repetition of the 'ignorant' answers which the officers gave on the trial, to all questions which tended to reflect upon their own injustice and cruelty. They are farther lampooned in other London journals; and *Punch* opens upon them a battery 'of all arms,' until they are fairly driven off the field.

'Meanwhile the young lieutenant who had been the victim of this outrageous conspiracy, is suddenly raised to the dignity of a hero. The people at large had seen the newspaper, and were conversants, and their sympathies were at once enlisted on the side of the persecuted. Subscriptions were opened in London and all the provincial and larger towns in Great Britain; and at the last advices, over fifty thousand dollars had been raised to purchase him a higher commission.'

Perhaps the young lieutenant will be *let alone*, when next he enters the army! We are glad to be able to record so sudden and complete a triumph of the Press and Public Opinion over the machinations of a few titled officers, who fancied that they had their victim completely in their power. Now it is certain, that had not *'The Times'* — generous, in this instance at least, in defence of the weak and the injured — had not this great journal, with its commanding influence, lent its columns and its talents to the exposure of the abuses of the officers of this regiment, the young officer would have been for ever disgraced, and high-handed persecution passed unrebuked: as it is, the lesson will not be lost upon the public. - - - *WHATEVER* difference of opinion there may be in relation to the character of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE — and of a surety there always *will* be great differences of opinion in this regard — his love for his infant son was a most pleasing trait, and showed that there was tenderness in his heart, which all could admire. The Baron MENEVAL, his 'ancient secretary,' in his *'Souvenirs Historiques,'* (a work seldom quoted, but replete with interest,) tells us that the little boy was brought every morning to the Emperor's apartment; and he goes on to say:

'THE Emperor had a sort of apparatus for trying military manœuvres. It consisted of pieces of wood, fashioned to represent battalions, regiments, and divisions. When he wanted to try some new combinations of troops, or some new evolution, he used to advance these pieces on the carpet. While he was seriously occupied with the disposition of these pieces, working out some skillful manœuvre which might insure the success of a battle, the child lying at his side would often overthrow his troops, and put into confusion his whole order of battle, perhaps at the most critical moment. But the Emperor would commence reàrranging his men, with the utmost good-humor.'

'How different the scene,' says a commentator upon this passage, 'with these mimic troops from that presented by his human legions! No long columns of smoke streamed up from *their* line of march, indicating burning villages, and fields trampled in the dust; no explosions of artillery — no thundering of cavalry; no steel clanging with steel in the desperate conflict of life with life; no smoke, nor darkness, nor infernal din; no groans of the dying; no piercing shouts, revealing the last efforts of human nature, wrought up to the infuriated recklessness of revenge and despair. None of these! Not greater was the difference between that infant and his sire.'

Surely, this is a sad, sad contrast! - - - We have frequent inquiries, from friendly correspondents, whether we shall have, next spring, a 'furnished house to let for six months?' 'Not convenient!' One friend asks if our exemplary tenant, ('one of the great SMITH family,') when he let his draft be 'contested for non-expectance,' left any 'schoodle' of his defects? Yes: the schedule of his 'defects' would fill a newspaper column. - - - We shall hope to find time and space in our next to do justice to the '*Letters and Miscellanies*' of '*Louise Elemjay*,' including her '*Censoria Lictoria*,' and also to notice the following works: 'The American Almanac;' 'HARRY'S Vacation;' 'Silver-Lake Sketches;' 'The Lost Heiress;' 'JACK DOWNING'S 'Way Down East,' (an original and very clever volume;) 'Lilies and Violets;' 'Jerusalem and its Vicinity;' 'Poetry of Europe;' 'WORDSWORTH'S Complete Works:'

With other books we cannot mention,
But all of which shall have attention.

That's ours! — impromptu! - - - Is n't this a 'rousing' number?

'THE CRAYON.' — Two excellent numbers of a weekly journal, thus entitled, beautifully printed in sixteen quarto pages, have recently appeared. It is edited by Messrs. STILLMAN and DURAND. The former, 'to a practical knowledge of art as a landscape-painter, in which his fidelity to nature is a remarkable characteristic, joins the habit of reflecting and speculating on the philosophy of art, a personal acquaintance with some of the best writers on the arts of design in other countries, a large extent of reading in that department, and no small share of literary skill. His colleague, Mr. DURAND, is a man of highly-cultivated taste in art, who has had the opportunity of carefully studying its finest master-pieces in the galleries of Europe. Both of them are men of diligence and capacity, and will spare no pains to give spirit and variety to their periodical. Arrangements of the most liberal nature have been made for securing the aid of the ablest contributors. There is a call for the establishment of such a journal among a class of readers in this country — a class large enough, we hope, to insure the complete success of *The Crayon*. It will give its readers precisely the kind of journal for which they have occasion — a journal through which they will be informed of all that is going on in the world of art, in both the eastern and western hemispheres, and be furnished with the means of estimating the merit of the various works produced.' Admirable original poems by BRYANT and LOWELL have already graced its columns; and the series of letters on landscape-painting, by A. B. DURAND, Esq.

LITERARY PROJECT. — We see it announced that Mr. LOSSING, the well-known author of the *Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution*, is soon to commence the publication of a series of illustrated volumes descriptive of the history and biography of the great West. They will embrace the lives of BOONE, CLARK, SIEVER, ROBERTSON, KENTON, CRAWFORD, BRADY, WETZEL, LEWIS, SHELBY, the CAMPBELLS, and other pioneers who explored, conquered, and settled the Western valleys. He is to be assisted by Mr. LYMAN C. DRAPER, Secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society, who has, for sixteen years past, devoted almost his entire time to the labor of collecting, by travel and correspondence, every important record and tradition of the stirring events west of the mountains. He has visited many pioneers who were yet living, and their descendants or companions in adventure, and obtained from them personal narratives and manuscript journals, and letters of the greatest value. In the hands of two men so admirably qualified for the undertaking, this literary enterprise can not fail to be of great value and importance.